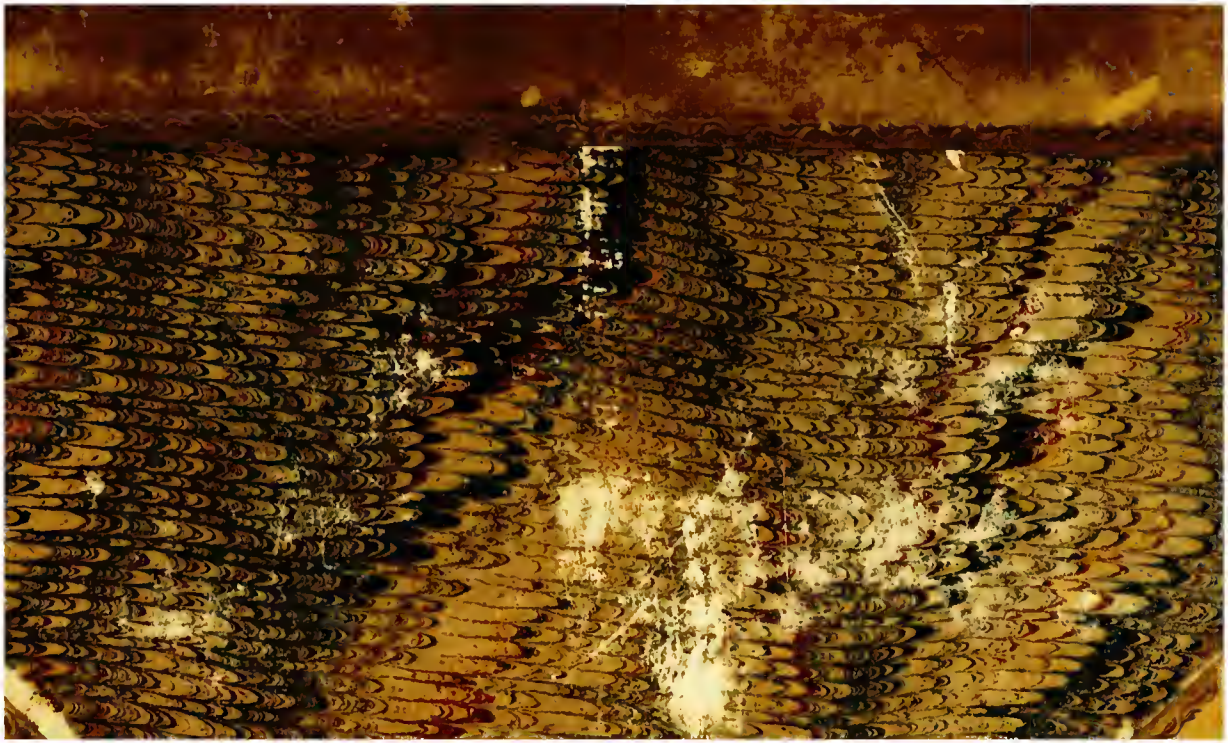

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KERHONAH,

THE VERNAL WALK,

WIN HILL,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

VOL III.

LONDON:

BENJAMIN STEILL, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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PREFACE.

THE publication of this volume affords me an opportunity of performing a delightful duty, that of returning my heartfelt thanks to almost the whole of the periodical press, for the extreme of kindness, and more than justice. Since the well-timed notice of the "Ranter," in the New Monthly Magazine, and the Athenæum, almost every liberal newspaper in the kingdom, and with one or two exceptions, all the reviews and magazines, whether tory, whig, or radical, have reviewed my compositions, in the same generous and manly spirit To the Sun, the Morning Chronicle, the True Sun, the Times, the Spectator, and Examiner newspapers —to the Westminster, Eclectic, and Edinburgh reviews —and to the New Monthly, the Metropolitan, the Monthly, Taits', and Blackwood's Magazines— as well as to the Literary Gazette, the Athenæum, and the Monthly Repository—my thanks are particularly due. Writers directly opposed to me in politics—for no political opinions can be more unlike mine than those of the Edinburgh Review, and Blackwood's Magazine—have vied with each other in treating me with brotherly kindness, with paternal forbearance. This is indeed noble, and it grieves me to add, unenglish conduct. But does

it not justify the hope, that the patrician Quarterly itself, in neglecting to review me, has not been actuated by any disdainful feelings towards the "Bard of the Beggars?" May I not humbly trust, that as the editor of the Journal for lords and squires condescended to discover a mighty poet in John Jones, he will yet surprise the world by a still more signal instance of the lion's magnanimity?

He must, however, allow me to dip my pen once more, in political prose. For at this awful moment, the question before us is not one of Whig, or Tory ascendancy—of ballot, or intimidation—of triennial parliaments, or septennial corruption—of household suffrage, or fifty-pound helotism; but of national life, or death! of Free Trade, or Destruction!

When the earth trembles beneath approaching footsteps, our sightless and limbless sister, the naked worm, warned of her danger, descends for safety. But they whom avarice has clothed in blindness, deafness, and stolidity, cannot be warned by the tremblings of the earth, or the gloom of the heavens, or the stillness which precedes the hurricane. With more of the reptile in their nature than the half-reasoning worm, they rear themselves, like the adder, on the ruts of the road by which destruction comes, and wait for the boot-defended tread which is to crush out for ever their venomous existence. To them, even the child of lawless law, Revolution itself, shouts, and shrieks in vain! for Monopoly, though it has the ears of the ass, is

deaf to thunder; and with the eyes of the robber, it sees not, as it rushes on its prey, that success is a verdict of death, and a fee to the executioner. Time cannot teach it, nor History, his chronicler.

What lost England her American colonies? Not our attempts to tax them, but our restrictions on their trade with the West Indies. We might have succeeded in cursing them with arbitrary taxes, if we had not previously roused their just indignation by stopping the free course of their commerce. To encourage aristocratic jobbing and monopoly, we gave away an empire! What overthrew the power of Napoleon? Not the burning of Moscow, not the spear of the Cossac, not the defection of Austria, not the frosts of the pole, nor Russian treachery or retaliation; but his own Berlin and Milan decrees. By lessening the comforts of every fireside, and turning the hearts of all Europe against him, they made it impossible for him to retrieve the disasters of his northern campaign, and as certainly overthrew him, as the steam engine won the battle of Waterloo. Like the British aristocracy at this moment, he fought against the stars in their courses. May we then trust, that their fall may be like his, sudden, speedy, total, and hopeless? If history lies not, we may, and must. But twice, oh, thou, 'who leanest on thine elbow watching time!' twice, in vain, oh, history, hath he supplied thee, in little more than half a century, with themes for the instruction of nations. When wilt thou record the Convulsion of Taxed Bread, and Restricted Wages? When horror-gathering acts of parliament shall have

stamped deep and broad their fiery and bloody precepts on wealth-created poverty, and victim-vanquished pride.

Agriculturists of Scotland! your peasant bard, forty years ago, spoke shrewdly to your purses; but you are as deaf to your immortal countryman, as to the warnings of history. "Low markets," said Burns, "consequently low rents." Well! have the corn laws raised prices? If they have, what gain you by high prices, with high rents, and a ruinous competition for farms? But it is the tendency of those laws to lower the prices of corn in foreign markets, and by paying a premium for the destruction of our manufactures, strike British agriculture a two-handed blow. When will your destroyers learn, that less is to be obtained in the end, by legalized robbery, than by voluntary justice? After they shall have beggared their mortgagees, by destroying us and you. When will you see that free trade would steadily give you (with honest rents,) the average prices of the undepressed market of Amsterdam, and the freight, or ten shillings per quarter besides? Not until you attend to your interests, instead of listening to any man, who, like Chalmers, happens to be a walking sophism; or, like Wilberforce, or Hannah More, the incarnation of a clap-trap. Sincerely pious yourselves, you cannot see that they whom the worldly call pious, prosper only by worldly or sordid means, and puffed by the worldly alone, are always and instinctively on the safe side. The only god they ever worship in spirit and in truth, is vulgarly called prudence.

With them, (if man is not the meanest of created things,) life itself is a mistake—the commonest of all mistakes, and, in the base sense of the term, not an unlucky one; they mistake worldliness for religion. Their admirers do the same. But, Scotsmen, if they will not read the Bible to you, read it for yourselves; and it will tell you, "That he who taxes the bread of the poor is a murderer; that his name shall be a bye-word; that the heavens shall declare his iniquity, the earth rise up against him, and a fire not blown consume his soul." Read it, then, aloud, to the empire and the world! ere a shilling become a debt which cannot be discharged, and mothers kill for food the children of their sisters.

These remarks have a close connection with many of the following pages; but it cannot be said of this my third volume, that it contains political poems only. It contains, however, some poems of that description, which I earnestly recommend to my countrywomen. My "Corn Law Hymns" will not have been written in vain, if they lead only a few of the daughters of the past from the religion of worldliness, to that of truth and Jesus. May they induce the mothers of the future to educate their children politically! and teach them, as the mother of the Gracchi endeavoured to teach hers, all that is good and true—thereby redeeming the grossness of passion; even as in that immortal life which awaits the true patriot, who alone is the true christian, death is swallowed up in victory.

are, I believe, mostly poor people, who would have bought more of my books, if they had not wanted bread; and the sale, I have no doubt, will keep pace exactly with their progress in knowledge, virtue, and freedom. I know not whether my publisher is satisfied, I trust he is; but, for myself, I am sufficiently rewarded, if my poetry has led one poor, despairing victim of misrule from the ale-house to the fields; if I have been chosen of God to shew his desolated heart, that though his wrongs have been heavy, and his fall deep, and though the spoiler is yet abroad—still in the green lanes of England the primrose is blowing, and on the mountain top the lonely fir pointing with her many fingers to our Father in heaven! to him whose wisdom is, at once, inscrutable and indubitable, and to whom ages are as a moment! to him who has created another and a better world for all who act nobly or suffer unjustly here: a world of river-feeding mountains, to which the oak will come in his strength, and the ash in her beauty—of chiming streams, and elmy vales, where the wild flowers of our country, and among them the little daisy, will not refuse to bloom.

From feelings and sentiments worthy of poetry I turn with reluctance, to notice in a few words (I will notice it more at large on another occasion,) an attack which has been made upon me by an elegant rascal, paid for lying, I suppose, by the Bread-taxocracy of these realms, in their new character of Publishing Monopolists, alias the Society for the Diffusion of Useless Knowledge by Steam. This hireling, while he denounces my language as

fierce and brutal, applies to me—without attempting to bring forward a single fact or argument in support of his assertions—about a column of direct falsehoods, expressed in such meek and silver-fork terms as these: "Another prominent article in Elliott's creed is, that in this country certain classes are in a state of constant combination for the direct and conscious purpose of plundering certain other classes: Addressing himself to the latter, he has, of course, no other recommendation to give them, than that they should regard the conduct and professions of their oppressors with distrust, and hold themselves always in readiness for any favourable opportunity of retaliation or revenge: Nonsense as all this is, the man who exerts himself to instill it into the popular mind, is a destructionist of the first water; and instinctive aversion has been excited by the frantic exasperation of his political antipathies, and the revolting unfairness and ferocity of his mode of warfare." Does this syllabub-throated logician, then, mean to insinuate that we are not bread-taxed? Or is it retaliation on the part of the plundered, to require that the robbers shall cease to rob? In ordinary or retail cases of robbery and murder, the law retaliates by hanging the offenders; whereas all that I require of the wholesale gentlemen is, that they would be pleased to live on their own. Has this servant of great folks—"who cannot live, without, &c."—attempted to refute any one of my arguments? Is not the truth of those arguments capable of demonstration in figures? Is it false

that palaced idlers—who, by restricting the food of a nation whose numbers they cannot restrict, tax the industrious eighty per cent. in order to secure two and a half—are paupers of the worst description, and "destructionists of the first water?" I thank thee, slave, for that phrase. Is it false that such men must know that they are "scoundrels?" I thank thee, Scrub, for that word. Is it false, that they monopolize the power of making laws, and that, therefore, if they legislate in ignorance, their ignorance is without excuse? Is it false, that milk and water phrases never yet cauterized and extirpated a national cancer? Is it false, that history furnishes no instance of monopolists yielding to argument, or resigning their prey, except on compulsion? Is it false, that if the rate of profit in this country be continually lowered by act of parliament, capital must either be destroyed here, or ultimately compelled to seek employment elsewhere? Is it false, that if capital be destroyed here, or driven hence,the land owners and their mortgagees, will be utterly and irretrievably ruined? Is it false, that I ought to apply the terms which will best describe them, to persons whom I prove to be both foolish and wicked, and therefore doubly dangerous? And is it not clear, that if I propose to do mischief by addressing the poor, and they refuse to hear me —as this accuser says they do—I can neither be "a destructionist of the first water," nor any destructionist at all?

He is a lying varlet who says I ever excited the poor to revenge. The single purpose of my writings

is, to prevent the catastrophe which the oppressors of all are bringing on themselves and the nation. I chose the title of the Splendid Village with this view; for if splendour is desirable, so is its permanency: the village which I described might with equal propriety be called the "Squalid," as the "Splendid." He is a dealer in lies for filthy lucre, who asserts that I ever assumed any thing which I did not believe to be true. Who is the poet of the poor, if I am not? What other poet ever told them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Yet it is false that the "Corn Law Rhymes" are addressed exclusively to the poor. I wrote them in the forlorn hope that the oppressors of the poor would read them, and be warned. The employers of slanderers and assassins have in me a monitor, sufficiently acquainted with the poor to know them well, and sufficiently raised above their prejudices to be in no danger of yielding to their delusions. Was I led astray by the noncompetition gabble of the Owens, the Sadlers, the Cobbetts, or any other dupe or tool? Was it the currency doctors who taught me that Peel's Bill carried the Reform Bill? No. If this calumniator will not allow me to understand causes, I beg leave to tell him that I, at least know something about tendencies. Therefore it is, that I point out the little cloud, before it become the pall of the empire, a coffin-black firmament; and I thank this hireling for giving me another opportunity of warning the Bread-taxocracy, that they

that the people are now happier and better fed than they were in the days of my boyhood. How can my conclusions be "whims" if the profits of the steam-engine are devoured by tax-eaters, who make slaves of all, merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, farmers, labourers, alike? To prove that the multitude are not less happy than they ought to be, this servant of monopolists must shew, that Watt and Arkwright never existed. It is false that I ever imputed the miseries of the poor to the accummulation of capital: I leave such wisdom to the Owens and the Cobbetts, his allies. No. I impute those miseries to the destruction of capital by the landed classes; to their monopoly of the soil, and of the power of making laws, and to these causes alone. This is the true reason why their hirelings vilify me. Almost on the first publication of the Corn Law Rhymes, the Monthly Reviewers —in whom baseness seems to be an instinct or a fatality—not only slandered me by insinuation, but held me up as a fit object for an ex-officio prosecution, because I had asserted that it is of the essence of bad government "to make food dear, and labour cheap." I am not ignorant that monopolists have always been persecutors, and sometimes murderers. They would destroy me if they could. But I will keep from under their feet if I can, and be robbed by them if I must. When they crush me, let them put on their boots, for they will not tread on a fangless worm. In whatever way they may again attack me, if they take anything by their motion but blows, the fault shall not be mine. Why then,

do they cry "Mad Dog?" Their yell of vindictive cowardice is more likely to frighten their mortgagees, than to injure me; and when the mortgagees are in danger, the nominal owners of the estate will do well to make silence their sanctuary, and give themselves no airs. In the depth of that prudent silence, I implore them to read this my third volume, in which they will find awful denunications, but no malignity—deeper warnings than any in the Corn Law Rhymes—more earnest pleadings, the result of conviction which time has strengthened, that the blind and insane avarice of a few is hourly more and more endangering the safety of the many, the very existence of the body politic.

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ERRATA.

Page 43, line 14, for 'life left', read 'fleshless'.
Page 70, line 24, for 'As', read 'And'.
Page 102, bottom line, for 'ypocrite!' read 'hypocrite!'
Page 111, line 9, for 'lik' read 'like'; line 10, for 'doomed' read 'domed'.
Page 117, line 13, for 'wields' read 'welds'.
Page 135, line 7, after 'yet', a semicolon.
Page 157, line 18, for 'hearts' read 'heart's'.
Page 151, line 9, for 'Yet' read 'And'.
Page 166, line 12, for 'competiti' read 'competition'.
Page 195, line 3, after 'publication' should have been inserted the following note.

Printed at Cambridge, by the father of the liberal newspaper press, Benjamin Flower, a man great in his goodness.

TO

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

*** By a typographic error, folio 137 is printed "147," and so in succession, but no portion of the Work is omitted.

I INSCRIBE

THIS DRAMA.

ERRATA.

Page
Page
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Page
Page
Page
Page 151, line 9, for ' [illegible] read [illegible] '.
Page 166, line 12, for ' competiti' read ' competition'.
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Printed at Cambridge, by the father of the liberal newspaper press, Benjamin Flower, a man great in his goodness.

TO

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ. M.P.

IN HUMBLE THANKFULNESS,

FOR HIS ADVOCACY OF FREE THEATRICALS,

I INSCRIBE

THIS DRAMA.

KERHONAH;

A Drama.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

KERHONAH.... .....King of the Maspataquas.
NAMBISSA ....his wife.
NIDANISS.....his daughter,
TORONTO and MASKATE..his sons.

WABANG.....King of the Mohawks.
OKIMA.....his son.
ACHONDA.. . .....a Priest of the Mohawks.

DIXWELL.....the supposed executioner of King Charles I.

MORTON ....an Englishman in authority, settled in New England.
MARY..... .....his wife, daughter of DIXWELL.

WARD and GOFFE .....Emigrants from England.
ELLIOT.....an Englishman, translator of the Bible into the Indian language, and called the Apostle of the Indians.

KERHONAH;

A Drama.

SCENE I.—*Inside of a Cavern, near the banks of the Connecticut.* DIXWELL *sleeping.*

Enter MARY.

Mary. Troubled in sleep, my father? and because
I came not as I promised? Poor old man!

Dixwell. Forgiveness! oh, forgiveness, and a grave!

Mary. God knows thy heart, my father! and I shudder
To think what thou perchance hast acted.

Dixwell. Oh!

Mary. No common load of woe is thine, my father.
He weeps. Flow on, ye soothers of the soul!
What dreadful gestures! Is he dying? Help!

Dixwell. Away, thou headless trunk! away!

Mary. What means he?

Dixwell. Ha! Can the separated trunk rejoin
The governing head?—and art thou whole again?

Mary. Knows't thou not me?

Dixwell. Thy hue is of the earth;
Thine eyes are fang'd with lightnings.

Mary. He is dreaming.

Dixwell. It is thy unreality, I fear,
And not thine arm. Hence, spectre, to thy shroud.

Mary. Shake off this phantasy.

Dixwell. Detain me not,
And I will give thee gold. Thou, too, a rebel!
I doff'd my hose, for blood was on them.

Mary. Blood?

Dixwell. Alas! 'tis on my heart!

Mary. Blood!

Dixwell. (*Whispers.*) 'Tis the King's.

Mary. Oh, Heav'n!

Dixwell. Didst hear his words?

Mary. No, I heard thine.

Dixwell. Come, let us pray. Didst thou behold it too?

Mary. I beheld nothing.

Dixwell. Nothing? 'Twas the king!
His eyes spake horrors. Oh, thou must not know them!
Pale as thy cheek, he rushed into the earth.

Mary. He is delirious.

Dixwell. Oh, I faint, I die!
Mary! my child!

Mary. What would you, Sir?

Dixwell. Thank Heav'n,
'Twas but a dream! What said I in my sleep?
I dreamed of horrors! but believe not thou

The words of agony. What said I, child?
That—I was—the—King's executioner?
Mary. Alas! alas! But I must hence my father!
My heart is chill'd with terrible forebodings:—
Thou art proclaim'd a traitor, and a price
Is set upon thy head. Would I had never
Known thee to be my father, but still lived
A happy orphan! for I can no longer
Conceal thee here. I visit thee by stealth,
And not unwatch'd. My husband, too, suspects me.
Oh, how I long to laugh, and tell him all,
And kiss suspicion from his sorrowing face,
And lead thee home with me! But loyalty
In him is passion! He would hate even me,
If deemed the daughter of a regicide;
And he the executioner of Charles!
Thou must away, my father, instantly!
Lo! I have brought thee arms—a sword, and pistols:
My husband will not miss them; and this garb,
Such as the Maspataquas wear, will screen thee
From all eyes but Suspicion's. Put it on,
And quit this cave; and hide thee in the woods—
The summer woods,—where, in their glory now,
The hiccory, the sumach, the red maple,
The fringe-tree, and th' acacia triple-thorned,
Temper the ardour of the burning sun,
And on the locust's violet-breathing flowers,
Cast the pale yellow of his meekened fire.

The Indian war, that girds us round with perils,
Will be to thee protection, hope, and safety.
So put these garments on, and be not slow.
Nay, not a word, my father—not a word!
Haste! We shall meet again in better times.

[*Exit* MARY.

SCENE II.—*The Wilderness.* KERHONAH *busied in making a grave.* NIDANISS *bending over the bodies of* NAMBISSA *and* MASKATE.

Kerhonah. (Comes forward.) Art thou too leagued with these detested Whites,
Yehoway! Dost thou, too, like feeble man,
Smile only on the strong and fortunate?
Dost thou contemn Kerhonah in distress,
And scorn to cast one glance of thy bright eye
On this poor grave of my slain wife and son?
All gloom! no brightness yet! My child!—he turns
His face away, but not perchance in rage;
He will not look upon Kerhonah's shame.

Nidaniss. See! lovely as on loveliest living flower,
The dew, that weepeth on thy son's stark cheek,
Impearleth mournfully his mother's hair,
And damps the lip, half-closed, as if to speak!
Or touch'd to see our kindred uninterr'd,
Perchance the Spirits of the Night have come,
With sadly pleasing tears, and watched the dead.

Kerhonah. I thank you, Spirits! ye respect us still,—
But mournfully—not proudly, as of old,
When fear'd, we dwelt with you, and talked with you,
And in your dreadless majesty partook,
And were of you a part, and of your clouds,
And of your cloudy forests,—till the White Men
Silenced Yehoway's thunders with their own,
And with his tremblings shook this land and us.

[*They place the bodies in the grave.*

Vidaniss. The war in which thou diedst, was caused by me:
My guilt did slay thee, brother! I have brought
Destruction upon all my friends. Forgive
Thy wretched sister!

Kerhonah. Rest thou here, my son!
Here, mother of my children, rest! Your grave
Was made in haste and terror; 'tis the best
That we can give you.

Vid. Oh, that I had died,
A suckled baby at thy breast, my mother!
I had not been thus guilty, not thus wretched.
Not thus abhorr'd!

Ker. Sleep with thy warrior son,
Nambissa, undisturb'd. Ye *have* a grave.
No foe shall laugh at your insulted bones;
Nor shall your spirits scare the night with shrieks;
Nor with mute sadness, when we meet above,

Upbraid my arm,—although I fought in vain.

Nid. My guilty passion for the white priest, Elliot,
Brought ruin down upon the Maspataquas.
I, therefore, hated, live bereft of thee,
Thou dearest brother of my soul! Oh, thou,
Thou gentle as a child, wast brave as fire!
And when Toronto spurn'd me to the earth,
And harshly bade me to the White Men go,—
Because my love brought down upon the nation
The just ire of the ever watchful gods,—
Thou still, my brother, didst, with sweetest words,
Speak to my heart, and rush to meet my tears,
That ever started at thy voice of kindness.
And therefore will I mourn thee evermore,
Until myself lie cold in earth unwept.
Who will lament for poor Nidaniss? None;
For thou alone didst love me! What remains
My brother! but to think of thee and weep,
And wish that I were cold in earth, with thee?

Ker. Child, we can die, or talk of death, to morrow.
Enough of tears; but not enough of blood:
Come Vengeance first—then Death come when he will!

Nid. Talk'st thou of vengeance yet?

Ker. Do I not live?

Nid. Thy question is a tale told well and briefly:—
We live—for what?—to envy those who died.

Life, wretched life, is all.

Ker. It *is* not all.

What though I call no more around their chief
Thousands, expert to hurl the assagay,
Or wing the hungry hatchet on the Whites,
As when the midnight angels scaled their walls,
And fiends of fire held dances in their chambers,
Think not Yehoway will forsake his cause;
I cherish still the thirst which blood must slake.

Nid. Whose blood?—Thy own? None else is left to shed.

Thy warrior sons are stiff and cold.

Ker. Toronto,

Our eldest, lives.

Nid. Lives?—father! oh, where—where?

Ker. Last night I sent him to our friends, the Mohawks.

Nid. And hath calamity so humbled thee,
That thou can'st call our direst foes thy friends?

Ker. They are Red Men.

Nid. And, therefore, are they friends?

Ker. Thou smitest me on the breaking heart, with words!

Oh! had we fought like brethren side by side,
And as one man united met the foe,
The treacherous Whites had long since ceased to breathe!
But they shall join us now, and well avenge

My people's blood. To-morrow will we enter
Their country. Thou Nidaniss, there wilt find
A husband; there my bravest boy shall find
Wives worthy of him. Die, Kerhonah, then;
But be't in battle, and not unavenged!
Soon from my blood shall thousand warriors rise,
Avengers of thy country and thy sire;
And like their evil demon, still will I
In my seed haunt them, torture, scalp, and slay,
Till not a White Man's foot profane this land,
Till race and name be found on earth no more,
Till sire and squaw be cold, nor babe remain
To give his silken tresses to the knife.

Vid. But not if they take aim while we are raving.
Hark! hark!—a White Man's step!

Ker. It was the grass
That murmur'd, or the wave.

Vid. There is no wind.

Ker. It was the sigh of slumbering bear, or wing
Of unseen whipperwill.

Vid. Away! away! [*A shot is fired.*

[*Exit* NIDANISS, *followed by* KERHONAH.

Enter WARD *and Soldiers in pursuit.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wilderness.*

Enter DIXWELL, *disguised as an Indian.*

Dix. How savagely those pallid fiends pursue

Their dusky brother, for his life and land!
But, oh, what tenfold peril hangs o'er him
Whom ev'n this Indian garb endangers not!
To me this garb of danger is protection:
For I am chased and hunted, as men chase
Wolves: and a price is set upon my blood.
Yes; Cromwell's death, and Monk's success, are known.
What awful fate awaits me? I will seek
The end I fear. Be this my journey's close!
The rapid wave rolls black, in depth below.
Would all were o'er! Ne'er shall I be at peace
Till in the grave: ah! shall I find it there?
Hark! footsteps? my pursuers? Let them come,
And death be found unsought. But who are these?

Enter NIDANISS, *pursued by* WARD.

Ward. (seizing Nidaniss.) Stop! pretty squaw! What haste?

Dix. (seizing Ward.) Hold!

Ward. What art thou?

Dix. A villain.

Ward. I respect the family.

Dix. Hence! while thou may'st.

Ward. Gladly. Good day to you, Blackbeard.

[*Exit* WARD.

Dix. Tremble not, maiden. Fear not me.

Nid. Stern White Man,
Kill me not!

Dix. Rather would I slay myself.

Nid. Stern White Man, pierce not through this breast my sire's,
And I will be thy slave; my hands shall dress
Thy game, thy maize, and spread thy bed of leaves
And I will watch thy couch, to scare away
The serpent and the wolf. Oh, I will *love* thee,
If thou wilt spare my father in his child!

Dix. To rescue thee, and smite thy father's foes,
Me the Great Spirit over seas hath sent
On wings of winds.

Nid. How! hath the White Man's God
Sent thee, a White Man, to destroy the Whites?

Dix. They have offended him in wronging you;
And therefore hath he sent me.

Nid. Thou say'st well.

Dix. Now lead me to thy father.

Nid. Where is thine?
But mine is old like him. Hast thou a daughter?

Dix. I have a daughter.

Nid. And thou lov'st her well.
But would she bring thy foe, to slay thee sleeping?
I love my father. Think not that his child
Will bring the serpent to her father's couch.
Love the White daughters so? Smite here and kill!
But he is safe.

Dix. He is, my child, he is.
Suspect me not. Soon shalt thou know me better,

My dear adopted daughter. Hark! who comes?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The rocky banks of a river. Enter* KERHONAH *wounded.*

Ker. What is this dreaminess? this shuddering?
Ha! is it death?—My child! my child!—who comes?
I care not who. Are ye, too, vanquish'd, Spirits?
Ye guardian angels of Red Men, where are ye?
Assist me, Spirits, if ye hover near;
And if, indeed, ye *have* not left our side,
And joined the strongest! Terrible Yehoway!
Thus shall Kerhonah die? and unavenged?
Lo, Ancient One! that lived'st ere canoe
Clave the blue waters; ere the white fiends came,
Sons of the ocean's shark, on wings of tempests;
Lo! these grey locks have grown in battle grey—
Not that my soul hath lusted after blood:
No; I lov'd peace; thou know'st how well I lov'd it,
How fervently I sought it! But these *Whites!*
Have they not yearn'd to root us from the land?
Theirs are our homes, our fields, our arms, our lives;—
Wilt thou give all things to these pallid shadows?
Theirs are our homes, our fields, our arms, our lives,
But not our freedom, *if the dead are free!*
Then let us die like men,—like men, Yehoway!
The Maspataquas are no more a people.

No blood of mine shall henceforth circulate
In warrior veins. But, thus, unmann'd to die—
Thus—starting at the flower-bird's wing, or fly
That hums my death-song—even as the Whites
Close, in affrighted prayer, their womanish eyes;—
Oh, let me not die thus! not thus! but hot
In battle, compass'd round with crimson wolves,
Making the White Men's wives bring forth dead children—
Full satisfied with blood, and calling up
With shouts our fathers from their graves, to shout
Kerhonah!—'Twill not be. Fast ebbs my life.
Where is my child, my child? Oh,—does she live?
If yet she live, God of my Sires, look forth!
So, dying, shall I know that yet she lives.
Bare thy bright arm, and fling this gloom aside!
Smile on thy clouds, and fringe their skirts with beauty!
And let the beams, which spirits fair delight
To wreath their hair with, 'mid thy forests green,
Illume the trembling leaf-drop, ere it falls,—
To indicate their presence, and to warm
My poor, old, dying heart.

[*He faints.*

Enter DIXWELL *and* NIDANISS.

Dix. But I heard voices.
Stop! who is here?

Nid. My father!—Not a word

To poor Nidaniss? Dead? dead?—*Thou* hast slain him?
Now, white fiend, kill me, too, and I will thank thee
With dying curses. Strike! that I may join
The warrior spirit on his fiery clouds,
And pour, with him, on your detested homes,
The lightning of the storm! Wilt thou not strike,
Pale demon?

Dix. No, thy sire shall live.

[*He bathes* KERHONAH'S *lips with a cordial.*

Behold! he moves!
Soon will he speak. Tell him, my child,
What thy white sire hath done for him and thee.

[*He stands apart, while* NIDANISS *binds* KERHONAH'S *wounds, and applies the cordial again to his lips.*

Nid. Drink sire, the White Man's drink. Water of fire,
Be strong to save!

Ker. Art thou my daughter's spirit?

Nid. Speak! oh speak!

Ker. But canst thou touch me? can I feel thee, thus?
Thus can I kiss thee? Spirit, loveliest one,
Comest thou to gird thy father's sinking heart
With hope that shall not mock me? I have heard,
And I believe—for so our priests have taught—
That spirits know the destinies of men:—

Tell me what doom awaits me. Bonds and torture?
Death?—or triumphant vengeance? Be not mute!
Speak the worst boldly, evil though it be!
Kerhonah never can know coward fear,
Or do a deed unworthy of his nation.

Nid. The worst is thus to see thee, stretch'd on earth,
Wounde and bleeding. Am not I thy child,
Thy living child, Nidaniss?

Ker. Child! my child!——
No tears!—Let us avenge the dead, and die
Together.

Nid. Dost thou talk of death, when such
Strange aid is sent us?

Ker. Aid! Alas! what aid?
Dost thou, too, rave?

Nid. The stranger, like a spirit,
Rush'd on the ruffian who had captured me,
And, "Fear not me," he said; "for o'er the waters
The White Man's God hath sent me, to destroy
Thy father's foes."

Ker. A cunning, treacherous snare,
Well laid for our destruction.

Nid. Treachery?
But thou, my father, hast not seen his brow,
Where truth is throned. Sublime in age he stalks,
As when on earth a warrior's spirit moves
With loftier stripe; and such he seemed to me,

Even as the White priest, Elliot, will appear,
When on his cheek the evening of his days
Shall fade into a milder majesty.
Ker. Let that detested name profane no more
My daughter's lips! For him didst thou disdain
Our bravest youth! Alas, I blamed thee not!
Therefore my people are no more a nation;
And terrible Yehoway, in my age,
Bids my sad steps forget the paths of fame.
What snake is this? My hatchet!
Nid. 'Tis himself.
Fear not, White Man! my father will not hurt thee.
Ker. (aside) I hate him, though he saved my child, because
He saved her. How with lowly cringe and fawn
He comes!—Curs'd be his race! Shall a vile White
Make me his debtor? Wherefore is he white?
Com'st thou to slay the dying?
Dix. To avenge
Thy wrongs I come, Kerhonah! to destroy
Thy foes, who hunt ye o'er your fathers' graves.
Ker. And where, Avenger! is *thy* fathers' grave!—
Where sleeps *thy* mothers' dust?
Dix. Beyond the waters.
Ker. Why didst thou quit the land that holds their bones?
Dix. I fought against my king, who fell and died;
But when, at length, his son, in manhood's strength,

Climb'd, armed and terrible, his father's throne,
I fled from vengeance; and o'er ocean broad
Came, on the tempest's wing, to fight thy battles.
Ker. False to thy chief, canst thou be true to me?
Dix. Try me.
Ker. When we believe a foe, we trust him.
Dix. But was I false to him, or he to all?
Better a tyrant perish than our country.
Ker. How can another's fault exculpate thine?
A vile race are ye; senseless, too, as vile,
Ye cheat yourselves with your hypocrisy.
Boasting thy crimes, talk'st thou of truth to me?
Hence, snake of words! thy wiles cannot deceive me;
I was stung yesterday.
Nid. If he mean ill,
Weak as thou art, my father! what prevents him
From acting his intention?
Ker. Know'st thou not,
That when the monarch of the forest falls,
His boughs bring down to earth the trees around him?
And would'st thou follow me? Have then thy will.
And stand thou powerless in my power, as now
I, powerless, stand in thine. Safe shalt thou be
As the winged cloud, that laughs all bonds to scorn.
But I will trust thee, stranger! when I know thee.
Dix.—I will not quit thee, thus exposed and wounded;

For thou hast raised my soul from deep despair.
But now I call'd on death, and sought in death
That peace which Heaven denies not to the worms!
And horror was to me what beauty was,
And is, to happier beings. I am changed:
I have a motive now to cherish life.
The past is hopeless gloom! Oh, but the future,—
My deeds that *shall* be!—they though late, may yet
Snatch my redemption from relenting fate,
And win a smile severe from seraph lips.
Perchance a sufferer's tear, where all is spotless,
Shed o'er the record of my many crimes,
May wash them out. No, never, never, never!
Ne'er may that injur'd one in Heaven forgive
Deeds black as mine. But I, alas, am raving!
Pardon me, kingly savage, if I crave
Thy own indulgence to thyself. Let food,
And rest, though brief, re-string thy languid frame:
Then let us travel on the wings of darkness.
Thy foes are watchful, and I, too, will watch.
Nay, dost thou fear to take thy tranquil rest?
Suspicious Sachem! I am all thy own;
And to thy weal I consecrate my blood.
Hail, and receive me, land of forests! Wave
Thy darkest tresses o'er my destined tomb!
Thou hast no desert wilder than my deeds,
Or gloomier than my thoughts: and hearts like mine
May love the valleys that seem made for sadness—

The sunless perpetuity of shade,
O'er which the midnight of the hemlock frowns.
Hail, and receive me, wilderness, whose forests
Toss o'er dark spirits, like a maniac's hair!
Give me two yards of earth—and take my bones!

SCENE V.—*The banks of the Connecticut. In the background a Blockhouse, or Fortress.*

Enter WARD *and* GOFFE.

Ward. I cannot but remember that I might
Have been most happy, but for this said Dixwell.
Goffe. Was he the friend and too successful rival,
Who robb'd thee of the wife that was not thine?
Ward. He was. I lov'd her, though she was another's.
He knew I lov'd her, yet he woo'd and won her.
I hate him, both for his success and falsehood:
And strongly hope to pay him well for both.
Goffe. Still dost thou love the false one's memory?
Ward. Cold thing of common clay! thou nothing know'st,
Of fervent passion's power. It is eternal.
Ask if the sea is salt, if ice is chill,
But ask not if I love her memory—
While, for her sake, I love this wilderness,
Because it holds her bones. But why stand here,
Awaiting sage instructions from yon wittol,

And wasting the dear moments due to vengeance?
Goffe, in the eye of my revenge, my foe
Seems tried and sentenced, bound and led to death.
O! may he die a coward, and I see it!

SCENE VI.—*The platform of a rude fortress, near the Connecticut.* MORTON *alone.*

Enter WARD.

Mor. How now? what news?

Ward. Thy gallant foe hath left
The cave, and join'd Kerhonah. As he fled,
He dropped this pistol.

Mor. Why, 'tis one of mine!
How came he by it?—Oh, Ward, haste, and arm
Our people. Let us instantly pursue
The traitor, ere he teach the foe to beat us.

Enter MARY. [*Exit* WARD.

Mary. Dear Morton, dost thou shun me? Thou art not offended.

Mor. No, my love.

Mary. Then thou art ill.
Thy cheek is paler, and thine eyes are blood-shot.
Nay, something troubles thee. What is it? Tell me.

Mor. Yes, something troubles me. But spare me now
Thy questions; for I cannot answer them.

Mary. But I will know what troubles thee. Alas;
Why dost thou mutter to the vacant air

Words of unquiet? Roll'd into thyself,
Why dost thou stand attent and blank, like one
Who deems a snake is hidden in his garments;
And, pale as snow, with horrid expectation,
Seeks what he fears to find?

Mor. Thou shalt know all.
But spare me now, for I have work to do.
Kerhonah in the neighbouring woods is prowling,
Joined by a traitor, coloured like ourselves;
Ay, and in correspondence, it is said,
With some one here who ought not to betray us.
Know'st thou this pistol?

Mary. Is it one of thine?

Mor. Pistols are all like pistols.

Mary. It is thine.

Mor. Oh, woman!—Pray thee, leave me.

Mary. But not long.
Thou soon wilt come to me. When wilt thou come?

Mor. By-and-by. Pray thee go.

Mary. But then come soon.

[*Exit* MARY.

SCENE VII.—*Outside of the Fortress.* WARD, GOFFE, *and Soldiers, pass over the stage, followed by* MORTON, *and* MARY *in the disguise of a hunter.*

Mor. So, my old friend, Miles Winthorp of Reho-
both,

Hath sent his son to aid us in the chase?
'Tis well, and well timed, too. But hath he never
A taller son than thou, my little hero?

Mary. My brethren perish'd in the Pequod war.

Mor. Well, thou shalt be my page. I like thy voice.
It tells one of old times; so beautiful,
That all the coming years seem dark and stained.
'Tis like the throstle's in the trysting tree;
'Tis like the whipperwill's above the bower
Where love meets love, and talks the dim stars bright;
'Tis soothing as the music of a song,
Sung to us by the lady of our love,
In the undoubting days of happy courtship.

SCENE VIII. — *The Camp of the Mohawks* WABANG, ACHONDA, OKIMA, TORONTO, ELLIOT, *and Warriors, seated.*

Ach. (To Tor.) Stranger, we marked thy coming; we admired
Thy fearless step. With calm unquivering lip
And eye of cool composure, thou hast rested
Thy travell'd weariness, amid the warriors
Famed for unequalled deeds of blood and valour,—
The Mohawks. Wretched is the mother's son
Whose foes they are. Now hast thou had thy fill

Of food and rest. Who art thou? Speak thine
errand.
And may thy mother's son prove wise and bold.

Tor. (Rises.) Brave Mohawks! tell not me that
you are brave;
I know it well. Ah! would that white men only
Had cause to wish you dastardly and base!
Okima. Warrior, well said.
Wab. Thy words are good.
Okima. Proceed.
Tor. Amid the children of one family
There should be peace. Are not all Red Men
brethren?
Are not the Whites victorious? Think not ye
That when the Maspataquas are no more,
The Mohawks will be safe. O'er rock and wave
The fire-arm'd foe will hunt ye, till ye fall:—
Be warn'd! and in our ruin see your own.
Warriors. Thy speech is wise.
Tor. Scalp-tearing Sagamores!
What, if in me, a suppliant here, ye saw
Your enemy, that brave and wrong'd Kerhonah,
On whose broad breast the battle-scars are close,
As on the danger-warning rattlesnake
His dusky spots? How would ye greet him, warriors?
Wab. As brethren, their sick brother.
Tor. Lo; my sire

Hath sent his eldest to son smoke with you
The pipe of amity.

[*He presents the Calumet to Wabang, who smokes, and passes it to the other warriors.*

Lo! here stand I,
Toronto! and Kerhonah is my sire.

Ach. Thy mother's son talks well.

Wab. Proceed, proceed.

Tor. In battle with the Whites, our warriors died:
Few are the Mastapaquas who survive:
Will you join hands with us in our distress?

Wab. Lo; am not I the fear'd-afar Wabang?—
Who twangs a deadlier arrow to the mark?
What wealthy chief can boast an ampler store?
Who treads the wild with surer foot than I?
Is not Niponket mine, with all its people?
Is not Pexata mine, with all its people?
Orono's maize? and Cohos black with thunder?
And green Pivonet, neighbour of the morning?
And wild Recassum, with its caverned rocks,
Glades of the moose, and waters of the swan,
And swamps for ambush?

Warriors. Sachem, thou say'st well.

Wab. Will you have brandy?

Warriors. Brandy, the strong water!

Wab. Will you have linen? will you have red cloth?
Will you have iron scalp-knives?

Warriors. Thou say'st well.

Wab. Will you dig up the hatchet?—with the scalps
Of white men deck your dwellings?—and bring home
Their captured wives?

Warriors. Cloth! brandy! and their wives!

Ell. (Rises.) Oft have ye heard me, warriors,—hear me now:
Dig not the hatchet up without good cause,

Tor. Of course thou dost not wish to perish by it.

Ell. The mighty Spirit, whom I serve and love,
And whom I preach, loves peace. His written word
Which I have talk'd to you—

Tor. Is false, as thou art. [*He rises.*
Peace, do ye love? Peace!—Peace? It is a lie.
White Liar!—Oh, my soul detests thee, liar!
Did we not love you, Liar?—We dwelt with you
In peace: we call'd you brethren—such ye seemed,—
Oh, Liar!—thou hast filled my heart with flame!
And, would to wroth Yehoway, that my hand
Might lay thee hush'd this moment at my feet!—
We lov'd you, murderous Whites! till all would say,
Where'er we came, "Behold the White Man's friends"
We gave you all, but all would not suffice.
Bloodhounds, ye hunted, and your prey was man—
A nobler race than yours, and therefore wrong'd!
With envious fang, ye worry whom ye hate.

Listen not, Mohawks, to that talking serpent!—
Still wilt thou prate?—Behold in him the cause
Of our defeats! behold the secret-learner!
The husband of your wives!—Yet, talker? Down!
Or my good hatchet—there, where thou wilt lie
Mute, without bidding—shall this moment lay thee.

Enter NIDANISS.

Nid. (Embracing Tor.) My brother! oh, Toronto!

Warriors. (Clapping their hands.) Maid, well done!

Tor. (Sternly repulsing her.) Begone from me!
See'st thou thy white love there?
That trembling talker, with the lip of chalk,
Now pleading against thee, and for thy foes?
Go! or my knife this instant weds you here;—
Go!

[*Enter, dressed as an Indian,* DIXWELL, *who steps between them.*

Dix. Harm her not, boy! Indian blood is scarce.

Tor. Another white!

Nid. Hold! wilt thou kill our friends!

Tor. Another white friend! have we, then, no foes?

Dix. I am thy friend, the friend of all Red Men.
Stand not between us, Sagamores. The brave,
Come where they may, speed ever best. Come, brother,

I will embrace thee first, and then shake hands,

[*He wrestles with* TORONTO, *overthrows, and disarms him.*

Warriors. White Indian! brave white Indian! thou dost well.

Dix. (To Tor.) Now be we friends:—
White am I? Thirty summers o'er my head
Have roll'd their suns, since war first smutch'd me brown.
Ye wonder Sagamores, at my intrusion:—
I but precede the father of this youth,
My friend, Kerhonah. He, by many a wound
Weaken'd moves, slowly; but, behold, he comes!

Enter KERHONAH,

Wab. King of the Maspataquas, blood-baptiz'd Kerhonah, welcome!

Ach. In good time, to smoke
The pipe of peace, brought by thy valiant son.

Ker. Your words are life!
They visit my sick heart
Like a new being. Frown not, Sagamores,
On this degraded cheek, these locks of snow!
What, though 'tis true Kerhonah's hair is white?
I would in nought resemble our pale foes;
And 'twas not age that bleach'd these locks of darkness.
'Tis true I weep,—but these are *burning* tears:
I weep, because your brethren died in vain,

And wolves are surfeited with Indian blood.
But if the guns were roaring o'er the rivers,
If drums were growling, if the jagged bullet
Were hissing through the deserts's pillar'd shade,
If the strong hiccory bow were twanging round us,
My soul would scorn even this, this *fiery* tear.
If o'er barb'd arrow, and the whizzing jav'lin,
And the dear hatchet, busy with the dying,
The death-and-war-whoop drown'd the rifle's song,—
How would Kerhonah's *tearless soul* rejoice!
Would I *then* weep? Th' awaken'd dead should hear
My battle yell, and shouting, see me dance
In white men's blood, beneath their sulphury noon-night,
Laughing my song of vengeance.
Will you grant
The joy of battle to a fugitive,
Who yearns to perish on his slaughter'd foes?
Be still magnanimous! the brave are always so.

Warriors. Brandy; red-cloth! their wives!

Wab. War with the Whites!

Warriors. War! war! Down with the white Priest!

To the stone drag him!

[*They drag Elliot to the stone of sacrifice.*

Vid. Great Spirit, save thy priest;—Oh! save him!

[*She clasps Elliot in her arms, and lays her head upon his.*

Ach. Smite not the priest, lest ye offend his God.

Wab. Warriors, forbear.

Ker. Toronto, hold thine hand.

Ach. Why did the Pequods fail in war? Because
They left the spirits whom their fathers worshipped,
And scorn'd the priests who served them.

Ker. Priest, 'tis true.

Ach. Okima, quit thine hold.

Ker. Nidaniss, rise. [*Elliot is lifted from the stone.*

Ach. Know, Elliot, that the Mohawks will not serve
Your stranger God. We love our fathers' gods,
Who shower the pleasant rain upon our corn,
And guarantee our fearless liberty.

Wab. We covet not subjection and your prayers.
Go, therefore, to thy friends, and safely go.
Nor Mohawk shall lay hostile hand on thee,
Nor Maspataquan. Tell thy countrymen,
Thus say the Mohawks,—"Quit the Red Man's land,
And, o'er the waters, seek your fathers' graves."

SCENE IX.—*Near the Mohawks' camp. A hut in the back ground. Enter* NIDANISS *and* ELLIOT.

Nid. Why stay'st thou here? Oh, be not thou found here!
Fly! or Toronto will destroy thee, Elliot!

El. I linger, but to warn you and advise.

Quit not the precincts of the Mohawks' camp;
For surely ye will here be sought, and here
Destroy'd, if ye contemn my prudent counsel.
I go to plead your cause, and preach for peace,
And bid my brethen pray to the Great Spirit,
That the red hatchet may be buried deep,
Never to rise again.

Nid. My brother still!
Go, tell them that we gave them lands and corn,
When o'er the blue broad deep they came, and sought
A home,—whose floor they wash with Indian blood.

El. One last embrace! one dear word for remembrance.

Nid. Nay touch me not! Am I not stained already?
Polluted, lost?—my country's ruiner?
I brought destruction on the Maspataquas;
My guilty love for thee hath ruined us.
Where are the dwellings of my fathers? Where
The sky-broad trees that screened my mother's hut?
Where is the mother of the last of nine?
Why doth that latest born lament the mother,
Who from her bosom fed the curse of all?—
I lov'd thee Elliot, and my love destroy'd us.
We eat the bread of strangers—bitter bread!
The earth we tread resounds the feet of strangers!
We press the stranger's couch,—'tis hard and sleepless!

We hear the stranger's speech,—it grates the soul,
Like thankless deeds!—The looks that look on us
Are stranger's looks, that talk to us of death
And buried friends! We have no garden ground,
No maize have we: our fire is borrow'd fire!
We have no home,—no kettle of our own!
I lov'd thee, Elliot, and my love was fatal.
The everlasting gods that so decreed,
Will also that all curses shall be mine.
The serpent shakes his ringed tail at me;
O'er me, me only, screams the voice of midnight—
I hear it when the happy are asleep;—
Darkness looks on me with strange eyes of fire,—
Blue, red, and flamy green, and weeps dropp'd fire;—
The bear growls at me as I pass his home;
And when I start from dreams of thee, Yehoway
Derides me with his dreadful, burning laugh,
That laughs from end to end of blazing heav'n:—
Then, from his clouds, pours down on me in thunder
The torrent of his scorn and fury!—Go!
When far away, yet, yet thou wilt be here!
Oh, what a burden! what a blessing!—Go!—
And, if we never more shall meet beneath
Our father's tree, and in our fatherland,
Yet shall I meet thee in that better land
Of which thou speak'st; there! where the Greatest Spirit
Cools the hot lightning from my mother's eyes,

And turns her rage to meekness;—while he speaks
Of thee, and thy true words, and deeds as true,
And bids her love thy brethren for thy sake.

[*Exit Elliot.*

SCENE X.—*Near the Falls of the Cohos.* MORTON *sleeping.* MARY *in male attire, at a short distance from him.*

Mary. Stung by imagined wrongs, and mad for vengeance,
Ev'n in his dreams, he hunts my father's life.
And yet I hesitate to tell him all!
Why should he hate me for my parent's fault?
But I will save that parent from his rage;
And, like his guardian angel, waft aside
The fire-wing'd bullet, mission'd for destruction.

[*Cries without of* ELLIOT! ELLIOT! *Then Enter* WARD, GOFFE, *Soldiers, and* ELLIOT.

Mor. (*rising.*) How now? what news?
Night-wandering, pale apostle, whence comest thou?

El. Straight from the Mohawks' camp,

Mor. Whom sawest thou there?
What recent visitors hath King Wabang?

El. Kerhonah, and an Englishman, called Dixwell.

Mor. Thanks for that information. Both shall die,—
The bloody Indian, and the traitorous Briton.

El. If Dixwell is a traitor, let him die.
But for Kerhonah——

Mor. True, he hath a daughter——

El. Yes, and a son; and, therefore, must he die?
Of all the Maspataquas three survive,—
Kerhonah, and his daughter, and his son;—
The nation, utterly o'erthrown, is now
Only a name. Oh! then, be merciful
To thy great enemy, in his day of troubles,
Or hope not thou for mercy! Do not thirst
For vengeance, in the hour of triumph, lest
Wrath drink thee up in his. Did not the father
Of chas'd Kerhonah welcome to this land
The Pilgrim Fathers? Did he not as brethren
Love them; or as a father loves his children?—
He did. And how did we repay his kindness?
Let manless Maspataqua answer me.

Mor. Will the hot Mohawks fight for chas'd Kerhonah?
Have they resolved to dig the hatchet up?

El. Hotly they talk. But if thou seek for peace,
And seek it in a meek and Christian spirit,
They will not fight. If thou provoke the war,
And blow the fire that must be quenched in blood,
Be on thy soul the guilt and punishment.

SCENE XI.—*The Cohos Falls.* NIDANISS *kneeling;* KERHONAH *standing beside her;* DIXWELL *watching near.*

Wid. Terrible Spirit!
Cohos, black with thunder!
Stern gatherer of the clouds that have no home!
Long ere the red man chas'd the moose, or quenched
The hatchet's thirst, or scooped the sailing tree,
Thou, with thine indefatigable roar,
Didst awe the desert, manless, dark, and cold.
Ere flower, or leaf, or tiniest moss adorn'd
The valleys,—when there was no living thing,
Not ev'n the little fly, with wings of sunbeams,—
Thou spakest to the rocky ribs of earth,
Beneath the moonless night. And when the White Men,
And we, thy favourites, shall cease to live,
Thine anger still will foam, thy tears will flow:
All other sounds may slumber, hush'd in death,
But still thy accents will be long and loud.
Ker. God of the Mohawks! everlasting Voice!
Behold, in me, the son of Maspatake,
The king of kings. When o'er the waters first
The White men came, he bade the strangers welcome,
And gave them food and lands, and smoked with them
The pipe of peace. Behold their gratitude!
The son of Maspatake, a fugitive,
Driv'n from his fathers' graves, hath now no home,
No people,—and no hope! except in thee.
God of the Mohawks! hear me, and avenge!

Nid. I cast my mother's hair into thy flood,
And this black, blood-stiff lock of slain Maskate:—
God of the Mohawks! hear us and avenge!

Ker. When with thy children we go forth to battle,
God of the Mohawks! fill our hearts with fire,—
And make our right hands as thy might resistless,
And dreadful as the lightnings that gleam o'er thee!

[*A shot is fired from without, and* KERHONAH *falls.*

Ker. Quit not, thou ruddy tide, my harrow'd cheek,
Lest white men mock its paleness. Why should death
Whiten the lip which fear could never change?
Weep not, my daughter! lest these tongues of serpents
Say, that thy tears, which bathe my breast, are mine.

[*Another shot is fired from without, and* DIXWELL *falls. Enter* WARD *and* MORTON, *followed by* MARY, *in male attire, but with her long hair flowing in disorder over her dress.*

Mary. Oh! who did this?

Mor. I, woman I!—My wife?

Mary. (*Stooping over Dixwell.*) Oh, my poor father!

Ker. Ha! ha! ha! Hallo!
These white men kill their fathers! Ha! ha! ha!

[*He dies, shouting and laughing convulsively.*

Nid. (*To Elliot.*) Thou art one of them! White worm!

[*She rushes upon him, bears him to the ground, and seizes him by the throat, but suddenly rises.*

No! live!

My father! hear'st thou? Shall no drop
Of thy blood flow in any living thing?
Toronto will not deign to live a suppliant,
Will not outlive his nation; but, my Sire,
Thy blood is precious, and shall not die all.
White teacher! I was mad with burning rage,
Because the bullets went into my father,
And made holes through him.
Shall his blood die all?
Wills the Great Spirit, that our blood die all?
Help me to dig his grave;—then mourn with me,
Till the white rain descend, and cold bright stone
Floor the deep waters. Then will I become
The mother of thy sons, and from my breast
Feed children that shall look like him—and *thee*,
Thou dear, thou fatal one! What! wilt thou not?

[*Enter* TORONTO *followed by* WABANG, OKIMA, ACHONDA, *and Mohawk Warriors, gradually filling the stage.*

Tor. Snake! venom pang your blood to rottenness,
Traitor, and traitress! Ye shall die in tortures.
The flames shall try thy manhood, and reward

Her treason to her country, and her kind.

[*He beats* ELLIOTT *and* NIDANISS *off the stage, with his bow; then, turning, strikes* MORTON *down with a blow of his hatchet.*

Mor. Yes, Elliott, I sowed vengeance, and reap death.

The flames I blindly fann'd, my blood must quench.
Oh, prophet! wherefore did'st thou vainly warn me?

[*He dies.*

ANTICIPATION.

Hail, Realm of gloom, whose clouds are ice! whose air
Is made of thought-sick sighs!
Whose fields are dead men's dust, unseen though bare,
And worlds of life—left bones, from which despair
Shrinks as he dies!
Though on thee, and within, sad Infinite,
Are darkness, death, and doom!
Beyond thee shines the sun of mind and might,—
The Power that made thee—God. Hail, Holy Light!
I come, I come.

PRESTON MILLS.

The day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
  Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's Mills by thousands poured
  Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
  All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
  They sung! of Liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
  Like "death-in-life" they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
  Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
  Marched with them, side by side:
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
  They moved—a living tide;

Thousands and thousands—all so white!—
  With eyes so glazed and dull!
Oh, God! it was indeed a sight
  Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
  Refuses to depart!
"This is a wailing for the grave!"
  I whisper'd to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
  A sudden, blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
  And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
  The wild birds sadly sung,
And every linnet mourn'd its love,
  And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
  Where chain'd despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
  And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
  My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
  A mother who would be!

FAMINE IN A SLAVE SHIP.

They stood on the deck of the slave-frieghted bark,
All hopeless, all dying, while waited the shark;
Sons, Fathers—and Mothers, who shriek'd as they press'd
The infants that pined till they died on the breast;—
A crowd of sad mourners, who sighed to the gale,
While on all their dark faces the darkness grew pale.

White demons beheld them, with curse and with frown,
And curs'd them, from morn till the darkness came down;
And knew not compassion, but laugh'd at their prayer,
When they call'd on their God, or wept loud in despair;
Till again rose the morn, and all hush'd was the wail,
And on cheeks stark and cold the grim darkness was pale.

Then the white, heartless demons, with curse and with frown,
Gave the dead to the deep, till the darkness came down:

But the angel, who blasteth unheard and unseen,
Bade the tyrants lie low where their victims had been:
And down dropp'd the waves, and stone-still hung the sail,
And black sank the dead, while more pale grew the pale.

Stern angel, how calmly his chosen he slew!
And soon the survivors were fearfully few;
For wall'd o'er their heads the red firmament stood,
And the sun saw his face in a mirror of blood;
Till they fed on each other, and drank of the sea,
And wildly curs'd God in their madness of glee.

What hand sweeps the stars from the cheek of the night?
Who lifts up the sea, in the wrath of his might?
Why down, from his glance, shrinks in horror the shark?
Why stumbles o'er mountains the blind, foodless bark?
Lo, his lightning speaks out, from the growl of the gale!
And shrieking she sinks—while the darkness turns pale!

"THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM."

Before thy leaves thou comest once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou knowest the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doomed untimely flowers
In beauty bowed.

Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretells an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, Oh, death!
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother and to die—
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad, brief history?—
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sighed, he past away:
His life was but an April day,—
He loved and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me—what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss:
Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel:
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died,—
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last and slept."

WIN-HILL;

OR,

THE CURSE OF GOD.

TO

FRANCIS PLACE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"Illustrations of the Principle of Population,"

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THIS POEM.

WIN-HILL;* OR, THE CURSE OF GOD.

This day, ye mountains! is a holiday;
Not the bless'd Sabbath, yet a day of rest,
Though wrung, by cant, from sordid men, who pay
Their homage to the god whom cant loves best:
I hallow it to Heaven, and make it blessed.
Wild Moscar Dell, receive me! headlong Wye,
Let my soul hear thee from the mountain's breast,
Telling thy streamlets, as they leap from high,
That richer, lovelier vales, and nobler hills are nigh!

Now quit thy home, thou bread-tax'd Artisan!
Drink air and light, pale victim, while thou may'st!
What dost thou hence, umbrella'd Englishman.
Bound to thy pagod in the streeted waste?
Deem'st thou that God dwells only where thou pray'st?
Come worship here, while clouds the hill-tops kiss!
Death numbereth them who linger where thou stay'st.

* The central mountain—not the highest—of the Peak of Derbyshire.

Bliss-praying supplicant! why shunn'st thou bliss?
Oh, can ye hope for heaven, and scorn a scene like this?

Thy sisters, in the vales left far behind,
Are dead, late-coming Primrose! months ago,
They faded slowly in the pensive wind:
Thou smilest—yes, the happy will do so,
Careless of others' wrongs and others' wo.
Carnationed childhood's favourite! thou, too, here?
Ay, roses die, but daisies always grow.
Skeleton Ash! why lag behind the year?
Where Don and Rother meet, no half-clad boughs appear.

Nor there, are children of the young year seen;
But tawdry flowers flaunt where they grew, and tell
How soon they died! even as the base and mean
Laugh o'er a good man's grave. But near the well
That never fails, the golden pimpernel
Enjoys the freshness of this Alpine clime;
And violets linger in each deep cool dell,
As lowly virtues of the olden time
Cling to their cottage-homes, and slowly yield to crime.

Last Wind-flower! knew'st thou April? Infant June
Sees thee, and reddens at thy modest smile;
And o'er thee still May's chaffinch sings his tune,
Well pleased thy musing idlesse to beguile,
Where two streams meet beneath thy lonely isle;
And cottony bog-rush, and the antlered moss,
And the brake's lady,* cluster round thee, while
Their heads at thee the rising foxgloves toss,
Where gnarled and lichened oaks the shadowed torrent cross.

So bad men frown! but can their frowns compel
The cowslip to remain beneath the sod?
Can they prevent the mosses of the dell
From lifting up their tiny hands to God?
No, to the soul these point its far abode,
And humbly tell us what the angels are;
Immortal flowers! as dewdrops on the sod,
Pure; or the beams that hymn from star to star
The King who paves with suns his wheelless, noiseless car.

Oh, thou great Scotsman, with the meteor-pen!
Come from thy Trosachs, Wilson,† come, and paint

* The Ladysmock, Rousseau's flower.

† The Author of the City of the Plague.

You monarch of our Alps! that little men
May feel thy Titan soul in theirs, and faint
Almost with inspiration; from the taint
Of worldly vileness freed, as by a spell,
And made, at once, half-prophet and half-saint,
When reading thee to town-sick hearts, they tell
Of scenes few love like thee, and none can paint so well.

How wildly start the wild flocks as we gaze!
How softly sleeps upon the lap of noon
The cloud-couched lightning! and how sweetly plays
The laughing blue above the blackness; soon
To melt in fire and horror, where, aboon
This lesser giant's storm-swollen floods and firs,
Yon distant giant fronts the mid-day moon,
While solemnly the wind-fed wigan* stirs
Its flapping leaves alone, o'er fern and sun-bright furze!

To bathe with married waves their monarch's feet,
See, where the Ashop and the Derwent haste;
And how he rears him from the vale, complete
In all his time-touched majesty, embraced

* The mountain-ash.

By the blue, bright-blue heavens; his proud
brow graced
With that stone diadem which Nature made
Ages before her practised hand had graced
With living gems the bluebell-haunted shade,
Or, high in lucid air, her wind-swift wings displayed!

King of the Peak! Win-Hill! thou throned and
crowned,
That reign'st o'er many a stream, and many a
vale!
Star-loved, and meteor-sought, and tempest-found!
Proud centre of a mountain-circle, hail!
The might of man may triumph, or may fail:
But, Eldest Brother of the Air and Light,
Firm shalt thou stand when demigods turn pale!
For thou, ere Science dawned on Reason's night,
Wast, and wilt be when Mind shall rule all other
might.

To be a crowned and sceptred curse, that makes
Immortals worms! a wolf, that feeds on souls!
One of the names which vengeance whips with
snakes
Whose venom cannot die! a king of gouls,
Whose drink is blood! To be clear-eyed as owls,
Still calling darkness light, and winter spring!
To be a tiger-king, whose mercy growls!

To be of meanest things the vilest thing!
Throned Asp o'er lesser asps! What grub would be
a king?

But, crown'd Win-Hill! to be a king like thee!
Older than death! as God's, thy calm behest!
Only heaven-rivalled in thy royalty!
Calling the feeble to thy sheltering breast,
And shaking beauty from thy gorgeous vest,
And lov'd by every good and happy thing!
With nought beneath thee that thou hast not
blessed,
And nought above thee but the Almighty's
wing!
Oh, glorious god-like aim! Who would not be a
king!

But, lo, the Inn! the mountain-girded Inn!
Whose amber stream is worth all Helicon!
To pass it fasting were a shame and sin;
Stop! for the gate hangs well that hinders
none;
Refresh, and pay, then stoutly travel on!
Ay, thou hast need to pree the barley-wine;
Steep is th' ascent, oh, bard, thou look'st upon!
To reach that cloud-capt seat, and throne divine,
Might try a stronger frame, and younger limbs than
thine.

Now, having drank of jolly ale enough,
To climb Win-Hill is worth ambition—Yea!
Ambition, even if made of jolly stuff,
Should drink strong ale, or never will he say
To rival climbers, "Follow on my way!"
Old ale and jolly, be it dark or pale,
Drink like a toper, be thou green or grey!
Drink oft and long, or try to climb, and fail!
If thou would'st climb Win-Hill, drink old and jolly ale!*

"Blow, blow, thou breeze of mountain freshness, blow!"
Stronger and fresher still, as we ascend
Strengthen'd and freshen'd, till the land below
Lies like a map!—On! on! those clouds portend
Hail, rain, and fire!—Hark, how the rivers send
Their skyward voices hither, and their words
Of liquid music!—See! how bluely blend
The east moors with the sky!—The lowing herds,
To us, are silent now, and hush'd the songful birds.

This spot is hallow'd: sacred are these rocks,
To death and sorrow. Here, amid the snow,

* See our old song "Back and sides go bare."

A stranger died,* where seldom the wild flocks
Ascend to feed. Clouds! for ye only know
His griefs and wrongs; tell me his name of wo,
The mutter'd history of his broken heart;
That of a thing so noble we may owe
To you a relic, never to depart,
A tale, o'er which proud men may sometimes pause, and start!

From the hard world that scorn'd to scorn him, he
Retir'd, to die in solitude, as dies
The royal eagle in his majesty,
Where no mean bird may peck his fading eyes;
And told the mournful winds, with tears and sighs,
That so fall'n man should ever die, alone
And undegraded. O'er his cheek the skies,
Stooping in pity, wept to hear him groan,
And drown'd in faithful tears his soul's last low-breath'd moan.

Nor other tears for him were ever shed,
Except by her who, dying, to her breast

* A few years ago, a human skeleton was found near the summit of this mountain, and removed to the church-yard at the village of Hope, where it remains uncoffined and uninterred.—*Hallamshire and Derbyshire Magazine.*

Clasped him, her child, and mourn'd his father
dead;
And kiss'd and kiss'd that babe, and bless'd and
bless'd
The orphan'd worm that suck'd her into rest;
And still, almost with hope, her grief beguiled,
And tried to pray, till death her eyeballs press'd—
But could not pray, amid her ravings wild—
That God would take the life she gave to that poor
child!

He died. But still the winds that lov'd him came
And whispered, though he made them no reply.
And still his friends, the clouds, bedew'd his frame
With frozen tears, less cold than charity.
But little men, whom summer brought to see
The heathcock's plumes, beheld him where he lay,
And robb'd him of that glorious tomb, which he
Chose in his pride; bearing his bones away,
His proud, insulted bones, to mix with common clay.

And I will *not* loathe man—although he be
Adder and tiger!—for his sake, who died
Here, in his desolation great and free,
And with a fall'n immortal's might and pride,
On human nature's dignity relied,
When all else failed. No workhouse menial's
blows

Check'd his last sob! no packthread mockery tied
His sunken chin! Oh, sick of mortal woes,
I bless the pillow which his Hampden-spirit chose!*

High on the topmost jewel of thy crown,
Win-Hill! I sit bareheaded, ankle deep,
In tufts of rose-cupp'd bilberries; and look down
On towns that smoke below, and homes that creep
Into the silvery clouds, which far-off keep
Their sultry state! and many a mountain stream
And many a monntain vale, "and ridgy steep;"
The Peak, and all his mountains where they gleam
Or frown, remote or near, more distant than they seem!

There flows the Ashop, yonder bounds the Wye,
And Derwent here towards princely Chatsworth trends;
But while the Nough steals purple from the sky,

* Was this unfortunate a victim of the Corn-Laws? Then, for the honour of our common nature, the system of free exchange and unrestricted industry ought to be fairly and fully tried. If it fail to rescue man from pauperism, and his name from disgrace which would enrage a viper and make the earth-worm blush,—let us, like the failing eagle, retire indignantly to woods and deserts, and perish there.

Lo, northward far, what giant's shadow bends?
A voice of torrents, hark! its wailing sends!
Who drives yon tortured cloud through still-stone air?
A rush! a roar! a wing, a whirlwind rends
The stooping larch. The moorlands cry "Prepare!
It comes! ye gore-gorg'd foes of want and toil, beware!"

It comes! Behold!—Black Blakelow hoists on high
His signals to the blast from Gledhill's brow.
Them, slowly glooming on the lessening sky,
The bread-tax'd exile sees, (in speechless wo,
Wandering the melancholy main below,
Where round the shores of Man the dark surge heaves,)
And while his children's tears in silence flow,
Thinks of sweet scenes, to which his soul still cleaves,
That home on Etherow's side, which he for ever leaves.

Now expectation listens, mute and pale,
While, ridg'd with sudden foam, the Derwent brawls,
Arrow-like comes the rain, like the fire the hail.
And, hark! Mam-Tor on shuddering Stanage calls!

See, what a frown o'er castled Winnat falls!
Down drops the death-black sky! and Kinderscout,
Conscious of glory, laughs at intervals;
Then lifts his helmet, throws his thunders out,
Bathes all the hills in flame, and hails their stormy shout.

Hark! how my Titan guards laugh kings to scorn!
See, what a fiery circle girds my state!
Hail, Mountains! River-Gatherers! Eldest-born
Of Time and Nature, dreadful, dark, and great!
Whose tempests, wing'd from brows that threaten fate,
Cast shadows, blacken'd with intensest light,
Like the despair of angels fallen, that wait
On God's long-sleeping wrath, till roofed with night,
The seas shall burn like oil, and Death be waked with fright.

Storm! could I ride on thee, and grasp thy mane,
A bitless bridle, in my unburnt hand;
Like flax consum'd, should fall the bondman's chain,
Like dust, the torturers of each troubled land;
As Poland o'er the prostrate Hun should stand,—
Her foot upon his neck, her falchion's hilt

Beneath her ample palm. Then every strand
Should hear her voice: "Our bulwark is rebuilt,
Europe! but who shall gauge the blood these butcher's spilt?"

And what are they, oh, land of age-long woes,
Who laid the hope of thy redemption low?
Are they not Britain's sons, and Labour's foes,
Who sowing curses, ask why curses grow,
And league with fate for their own overthrow?
When will their journey end? They travel fast!—
Slow Retribution! wherefore are thou slow?
When will the night of our despair be past?
And bread-tax'd slaves become Men, godlike Men, at last?

Thy voice is like thy Father's, dreadful storm!
Earth hears his whisper, when thy clouds are torn;
And Nature's tremour bids our sister-worm
Sink in the ground. But they who laugh to scorn
The trampled heart which want and toil have worn,
Fear thee, and laugh at HIM, whose warning word
Speaks from thy clouds, on burning billows borne;
For, in their hearts, his voice they never heard,
Ne'er felt his chastening hand, nor pined with hope deferr'd.

Oh, Thou, whose whispering is the thunder! Power
Eternal, world-attended, yet alone!
Oh, give, at least, to labour's hopeless hour
That peace, which Thou deny'st not to a stone!
The famine-smitten millions cease to groan;
When wilt Thou hear their mute and long despair?
Lord! help the poor! for they are all thy own!
Wilt Thou not help? did I not hear Thee swear,
That Thou would'st tame the proud, and grant their victims' prayer?

Methought I saw THEE in the dreams of sleep;
This mountain, Father, groan'd beneath thy heel!
Thy other foot was placed on Kinder's steep;
Before thy face I saw the planets reel,
While earth and skies shone bright as molten steel;
For, under all the stars, Thou took'st thy stand,
And bad'st the ends of heaven behold and feel,
That Thou to all thy worlds had'st stretch'd thine hand,
And curs'd for evermore the Legion-Fiend of Land!

"He is accursed!" said the sons of light,
As in their bowers of bliss they listen'd pale,
"He is accursed!" said the comets, bright

With joy; and star to star a song of bale
Sang, and sun told to sun the dismal tale,
" He is accursed!" till the light shall fade
To horror in heaven's courts, and glory veil
Her beams, before the face of Truth betray'd;
" Because he curs'd the Land, which God a blessing
made!

" He is accursed!" said the Prince of Hell;
And—like a Phidian statue mountain-vast—
Stooping from rocks, black, yet unquenchable,
The pale shade of his faded glory cast
Over the blackness of black fire, aghast—
Black-burning seas, that ever black will burn;
" He is accursed! and while hell shall last,
Him and his prayer heaven's marble roof will
spurn,
Who cursed the blessed sod, and bade earth's millions
mourn!"*

* It was a maxim of the Roman law, that whoever made his property a nuisance, should cease to be a man of property; and this maxim was but a commentary on the unwritten law of God—unwritten, or with the pen of desolation written over the face of fallen empires. When the patricians of Rome destroyed the Licinian Law, and monopolized the soil, did not their heads then-ever-after, fall like poppies?

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisys gleam;
And here the sun flower† of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

* The Hedge Sparrow. † The Dandelion.
‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.

Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-lov'd mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wond'rous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a chrystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.

Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouris' tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy vallies lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!

Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atoms cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

SLEEP.

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.
Thy stillness is the planet's speed;
Thy weakness is unmeasured might;
Sparks from the hoof of death's pale steed—
Worlds flash and perish in thy sight.

The daring will to thee alone—
The will and power are given to thee—
To lift the veil of the unknown,
The curtain of eternity—
To look uncensured, though unbidden,
On marvels from the seraph hidden!
Alone to be—where none have been!
Alone to see—what none have seen!
And to astonish'd reason tell
The secrets of th' Unsearchable!

FOR BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

The rabble boast their Watt and Bell,
The rabble of their Brindly tell,
The rabble mourn their martyr'd Muir,
And basely praise the basely pure.
Well, let them (Tailors,) patch and plot,
And hymn the tinker, Margarot;
While Hulton, surnam'd Peterloo,
(As tory Glory's annals show.)
And Castles, Oliver, and Lowe,
Are tory Glory's great and true;
And saintly Sidmouth, and that sinner
Blucherloo, the bread tax-winner.

THE FATAL BIRTH.

Foul parent of fair child, swol'n Breadtax! thou,
On plunder'd commerce, didst beget Reform:
We see a bright to-morrow on her brow,
And make our hope thy nursling of the storm.
But many a fanged worm, and biped brute,
On whose dark heart the eye of love ne'er smil'd,
Would fain the promise of her morn refute.
Die, then, dread power! and have no other child;
For it is written, that thy second-born,
If second-born thou have, will thunder-strike
Temple and tower, of strength and splendour shorn
By hands with famine lean; and, Sampson-like,
Shaking the pillars of the gold-roof'd state,
Whelm high, and low, and all, in one remorseless fate.

EPIGRAM.

"Come, at last?" said Horns to Eldon,
"Better late than never:
My Depute! thou long hast well done;
Keep my seals for ever."

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

Ye living gems of cold and fragrant fire!
Die ye forever, when ye die, ye flowers?
Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,
An everlasting farewell of your bowers?
No more to listen for the wooing air,
And song-brought morn, the cloud-ting'd woodlands o'er!
No more to June's soft lip your breasts to bare,
And drink fond evening's dewy breath no more!
Soon fades the sweetest, first the fairest dies,
For frail and fair are sisters; but the heart,
Fill'd with deep love, death's power to kill denies,
And sobs e'vn o'er the dead, "We *cannot* part!"
Have I not seen thee, Wild Rose, in my dreams?
Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies
When the clear blue is brightest, and the streams
Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes
Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine-twined—
Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death?
Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind
When it inhales the love-sick violet's breath,
Bending it down with kisses, where the bee
Hums over golden gorse, and sunny broom.
Soul of the Rose! what said'st thou then to me?

" We meet," thou said'st, " though sever'd by
the tomb:
Lo, Brother, this is heav'n! and, thus the just shall
bloom."

SPENSERIAN.

O'er Byron's dust, our sorrows should be steel'd,
Or sternly burn, as, burning slow, he died—
Till one long groan from shuddering Greece re-
vealed
That fate had done her worst; and o'er the tide
Loud yell'd the turk his triumph-howl of pride.
Yet will they flow, these woman's drops; for thou
Didst die for woman, though her hand applied
No gentle pressure to thy fever'd brow:
Oh, Byron, " thou, within, hadst that which passeth
show!"

SPENSERIAN.

Thou, Byron, wast—like him, the iron-crown'd—
Thought-stricken, scorch'd, and " old in middle
age."
" All naked feeling's" restless victims bound,
Ill could renown your secret pangs assuage.
Two names of glory in one deathless page!

Both unbelov'd, both peerless, both exil'd,
And prison'd both, though one could chuse his cage;
Dying ye call'd, in vain, on wife and child;
And in your living hearts, the worm was domiciled.

HYMN,

WRITTEN FOR THE ROTHERHAM POLITICAL UNION, AND SUNG THERE ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE PASSING OF THE THREE REFORM BILLS.

We thank thee, Lord of earth and heav'n,
For hope, and strength, and triumph given!
We thank thee that the fight is won,
Although our work is but begun.

We met, we crushed the evil powers;
A nobler task must now be ours—
Their victims maim'd and poor to feed,
And bind the bruised and broken reed.

Oh, let not Ruin's will be done,
When Freedom's fight is fought and won!
The deed of Brougham, Russell, Grey,
Outlives the night! Lord, give us day!

Grant time, grant patience, to renew,
What England's foes and thine o'erthrew;—

If they destroyed, let us restore,
And say to misery, mourn no more.

Lord, let the human storm be still'd!
Lord, let the million mouths be fill'd!
Let labour cease to toil in vain!
Let England be herself again!

Then shall this land her arms stretch forth,
To bless the East, and tame the North;
On tyrant's hearths wake buried souls,
And call to life the murder'd Poles.

Sing, Britons, sing! the sound shall go
Wherever Freedom finds a foe;
This day a trumpet's voice is blown
O'er every despot's heart and throne.

THE EXCURSION.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from Nature's mountain bowl.
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.

Then, dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crown'd yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
Oh, thank the Lord for all he gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And he will bless us, when the world forsakes!
Lo, where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes
With his fix'd eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo, starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with rais'd foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side, the bloom-bow'd hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touch'd blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven;—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blythe truants in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn grey,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they,
Of all self-buried things the most unbless'd:
Oh, Morn, to them no blissful tribute pay!
Oh, Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? And, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind Shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers, that welcome me,
Thus, glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye; never may they see

Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-lov'd England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! what heart doth not know
Thee, cluster'd smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam on the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright! while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a grey rock's foot, and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;

And bursting through the briars the wild ass
stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long
dark hair.

SONG.

What! canst thou smile, thou heart of ice?
Thou! who wouldst basely sacrifice,
To pet thy meanest prejudice,
The holiest hopes of man?

Or dost thou sneer, in rage and fear,
Because the hated day is near,
When gods like thee must disappear,
Or have no worshippers!

Well, smile or sneer; and worship still
Old fraud's supremacy of ill;
But bow not unto Dagon's will
The hearts of honest men.

Thy slave-ador'd Abaddon's name
May none but lips like thine proclaim!
And ignominious be thy fame,
Even as thy virtues are!

SPENSERIAN.

Even here, on earth, not altogether fade
The good and vile. Men in their words and deeds
Live, when the hand and heart in earth are laid;
For thoughts are things, and written thoughts are seeds;
Our very dust buds forth in flowers or weeds.
Then, let me write for immortality
One honest song, uncramp'd by forms or creeds;
That men unborn may read my times and me,
Taught by my living words, when I shall cease to be.

MAY.

Shade-loving Hyacinth! thou com'st again;
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow.
Who hath condens'd, oh, Broom, in thy bright flowers
The light of mid-day suns? What virgin's cheek

Can match this apple bloom, these glowing showers
Of glistering daisys? How their blushes speak
Of rosy hues that red o'er ocean break,
When cloudy morn is calm, yet fain to weep,
Because the beautiful are still the frail!
Hark! 'tis the thrush! he sings beneath the steep,
Where coolness ever charms the fountain'd vale!
How eloquently well he tells his tale,
That love is yet on earth, and yet will be,
Though virtue struggles, and seems born to fail,
Because fall'n man, who might be great and free,
Toils for the wolf, and bribes iniquity.
Thou art not false, sweet bird! thou dost not keep
The word of promise to our ear alone,
And break it to our hearts! Maids do not weep
Because thou feign'st; for thee no victims groan;
Thy voice is truth, and love is all thy own.
Then, for thy sake, I will not loathe man's face;
Will not believe that virtues are veil'd sins;
That bounty may be mean, and kindness base;
That fortune plays the game which wisdom wins;
That human worth still ends where it begins.
Though man were wholly false; though hope were
none
Of late redemption from his sin-made woes;
Yet would I trust in God, and goodness. On
From sun to sun, the stream of mercy flows;
And still on humble graves the little daisy grows.

THE POLISH FUGITIVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE HULL POLISH RECORD.

The day went down in fire,
The burning ocean o'er:
A son, and grey-hair'd sire,
Walk'd, silent, on the shore.

They walk'd, worn gaunt with cares,
Where land and billow meet—
And of that land was theirs
The dust upon their feet.

Yet they, erewhile, had lands
Which plenteous harvests bore;
But spoil'd by Russian hands,
Their own was theirs no more.

They came, to cross the foam,
And seek, beyond the deep,
A happier, safer home,
A land where sowers reap.

Yet, while the playful gold
Laugh'd into purply green

The crimson clouds that roll'd
The sea and sky between,

The youth his brow uprais'd
From thoughts of deepest woe,
And on the ocean gaz'd,
Like one who fronts a foe.

The sire was calm and mild,
And brightly shone his eye;—
How like a stately child,
He look'd on sea and sky!

But on his son's lean cheek,
And in his hands, grasp'd hard,
A heart, that scorn'd to break,
With dreadful feelings warr'd;

For he had left behind
A wife, who dungeon'd lay;
And loath'd the mournful wind,
That sobb'd—Away, away!

Five boys and girls had he:
In fetters pin'd they all;
And when he saw the sea,
On him he heard them call.

Oh, fiercely he dash'd down
The tear—that came, at length!—
Then, almost with a frown,
He pray'd to God for strength.

'Hold up!' the father cried,
'If Poland cannot thrive,
'The mother o'er the tide,
'May follow with her *five*.'

'But Poland yet shall fling
'Dismay on Poland's foes,
'As when the Wizard King*
'Aveng'd her ancient woes;

'For soon her cause will be
'Rous'd Europe's battle cry;
'"To perish, or be free!
'"To conquer, or to die!"'

His hands clasp'd o'er his head,
The son look'd up for aid;
'So be it, Lord!' he said,
And still look'd up, and pray'd,

* The name which the Turks, in their superstitious dread gave to the great Sobieski.

Till from his eyes, like rain
When first the black clouds growl,
The agony of pain,
In tears, gush'd from his soul.

EPISTLE.

My pious Friend! what shall I say
To one so wise and grave?
I got your letter t'other day;
It bids me be a slave.

The poor man's joys, the poor man's pain,
You bid my Muse discard;
"Such themes," you say, "true bards disdain;"
I, then, am no true bard.

Because your dog obeys you well,
And well by you is fed,
Must I obey the dogs of hell
Who growl, and snatch my bread?

Slaves fawn; but do they fawn for nought?
Yes, slaves there are, indeed,
Who bribe themselves with their own groat,
And lick the dogs they feed!

A better aim will I prefer,
Nor fawn on fool or knave,
Like—many a tyrant-homager;
Immortal! yet a slave.

SPENSERIAN.

I saw a horrid thing of many names,
And many shapes. Some call'd it wealth, some power,
Some grandeur. From its heart it shot black flames
That scorch'd the souls of millions, hour by hour;
And its proud eyes rain'd every where a shower
Of hopeless life, and helpless misery;
For, spous'd to fraud, destruction was its dower!
But its cold brightness could not hide from me
The parent base of crime, the nurse of poverty!

SPENSERIAN.

The marble forms of mortals half divine
Yield silently the impress grand of mind
To time and ruin: long the weltering brine,
With heav'n's red bolt and reinless blast combined,
Assails the rock in vain: even in the wind,
Slow burns the mighty oak, the forest-king,
Majestic still: So, lofty souls, declined
From their high deeds, a careless mantle fling
O'er cureless wounds, and smile—though life is withering.

SPENSERIAN.

A tear for thee? Not, Byron, if thy name
Shall be a watchword to unchain the slave,
Rolling o'er tyrant's hearts like thundering flame,
And kindling, as with soul, th' embattled wave,
Till conquering Freedom, on their briny grave,
Find Greeks like those who died at Salamis.
Arise, and equal them, ye modern brave!
Let past and future ages yield to this!
And be your names a spell, as Byron's was and is!

SPENSERIAN.

A tear for Byron? Weakness mourns the weak,
And beauty dies in weeping loves' embrace,
And common frailties common sorrows seek.
But Scourger of the scourgers of thy race!
Thou awe'st me so, that to thy resting place
I bring stern feelings, not unmixed with fear.
Standing before the fear'd of all the base,
I, who oft wept thee, cannot weep thee here,
Bard of the broken heart, high soul, and burning tear!

AIR AND LIGHT ON STANEDGE.

Air! vital Air! and beauty-breathing Light!
The acred demons have not tax'd you here,
As in the dim town's thick, blood-thickening night
Of nights and days, where men from year to year
Toil for restricted food. Twins! pure and bright
As sister angels, clad in stainless white!
Free dwell ye on the mountain's summit bare:
And man shall yet be free, in hell's despite,
To reap enfranchised harvests everywhere;
Nor want ask leave to toil, law-wedded to despair.

COME AND GONE.

The silent moonbeams on the drifted snow
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,
While through the cottage-door the yule log's glow
Casts on the iced oak's trunks and grey rocks brow
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,
Like happy groom and bride,
With azured green, and emerald-orange glare,
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns bright,
And Hannah, at the door,
Stands,—through the clear, cold, mooned, and starry night,—
Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height,
O'er the white moor.

'Tis Christmas eve! and, from the distant town,
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,
Old Alfred watcheth calm;
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he,
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,
Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not? Yea; from the wind-swept hill
The cottage-fire he sees;
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;
In thought, the sheep-boy's call;
In thought, he meets his mother at the door;
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds, who died when he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter; vain her prayer to see
Poor Edwin yet again!—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more!

No more with her will hear the bittern boom
At evening's dewy close!
No more with her will wander where the broom
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom,
And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,
Recalls us when we roam!
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—That sweet word hath turned his pale lip red,
Relumed his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread,
The early rose, that seemed for ever dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home! Behold the cottage of the moor,
That hears the sheep-boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open door
With faint, fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,
"Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands are pressed;
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed:
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death,
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?
Why dread the hectic flower, which blossometh
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when, like the birds
He culled the wild flower's bloom,
And roamed the moorland, with the houseless herds;
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,
"Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still, almost till morning beamed,
They talked of Jane—then slept:
But, though he slept, his eyes, half open, gleamed;
For still of dying Jane her brother dreamed,
And dreaming wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought
The church yard where she lies;
He found her name beneath the snow-wreath wrought,
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep
In the heart's depth awake:
To his sad mother—pausing oft to weep—
He gave a token, which he bade her keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,
Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, for ever! could they less
Than bless and love that type of tenderness?—
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherished thought they wore,
And till their latest breath,
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more
In life or death!

For where the upheav'd sea of trouble foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

A THUNDER STORM IN WINTER.

He spake to eye and ear! and, like a tree
Rooted in heaven, shot down the branchy flame,
While the blue moonlight vanished suddenly.
Brighter than light on snow, the brightness came,
Filling the vales with forests of strange fire,
The streams with blood; and flinging o'er the cloud
Banners of crimson, laced with silver wire.
Down to mute earth the giant darkness bowed.
Giving the hill immeasurable height,

That propp'd the sky; then changed the troubled
form,
While from his bosom fell the headlong weight
Of vollied hail; and whispering through the storm,
The thunderer spake again: "What fear'st thou?
Live, poor worm!"

PROLOGUE TO THE CORN LAW RHYMES.

For thee, my county, thee, do I perform
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous
worm,
Shake ears, and fangs, with brandish'd bray, at me;
Alone as Crusoe on th' hostile sea,
For thee, for us, for ours, do I upraise
The standard of my song! for thine and mine,
I toll the knell of England's better days;
And lift my hated voice, that mine and thine
May undegrade the human form divine.
Perchance, that voice, if heard, is heard too late:
The buried dust of Tyre may wake, and sway
Reconquer'd seas; but what shall renovate

The dead alive, who dread no judgment-day?
Souls, whom the lust of gold hath turn'd to clay?
And what but scorn and slander will reward
The rabble's poet, and his honest song?
Gambler for blanks! thou play'st an idiot's card;
For, sure to fall, the weak attack the strong.
Ay, but what strength is theirs, whose might is based on wrong?

TO SAINT A. A——.

Why doth the lark proclaim that he is free?
The swallow chase the sunbeams in his glee?
And winds and streams, like happiest boys at play,
Sport with the wild rose on the Sabbath-day?
Because the Hater of the heart of guile
Loves the glad worship of the song and smile.
Go, kill the insect, lest it sport its hour,
Or dash the dew-drop from the happy flower;
But hope not that God's power will quail to thine,
Flowers cease to bloom, or Sabbath suns to shine;
Or that, when justice wakes, to pay her debt,
Long-suffering will forgive thee, or forget,
Or fail on infamy's broad page to write
All loathsome names with thine, Monk-hearted ypocrite!

FROM GOETHE.

How like a stithy is this land!
And we lie on it like good metal
Long hammer'd by a senseless hand!
But will such thumping make a kettle?

CANNING.

He rose—a veteran, proud of honest scars;
He stood—a bard, with lightning in his look;
He spoke—Apollo had the voice of Mars:
His frown all hope from phalanx'd faction took,
While flash'd his satire, like a falchion bared,
On all who meanly thought, or basely dared.
He spoke, and died. Aud therefore must the sky
Return to sunless, moonless, starless night?
And therefore must the hopes of commerce fly
To climes unsatrapp'd? Oh, departing light,
Linger awhile! thy loveliness is might,
And youth, and glory. Earth, from east to west
Uplift thy multitudinous hands in prayer!
Laugh, stormy Russ! to thee the worst is best.
Shout, foes of Man! the scourge and rack prepare!
But, Erin, there is hope in thy despair.

And, Freedom! faint not thou, though Canning dies.
Weak is the state, and tottering to its fall,
That on one mind for strength and life relies;
That state shall be an omen unto all
Who stand not self-supported, and appall
Ev'n tyrants, blindly digging their own graves.
But Freedom's hope, when other hope is none,
Calm, or purturb'd, remains; like winds and waves,
Alike surviving battles lost or won;
More deathless than the dust of Marathon.

FOREST WORSHIP.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see:

Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying!

The preacher prays, "Lord, bless us!"
"Lord, bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;
"Amen!" the rill replies:
The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here, oh, God of earth and heav'n,
The humble heart is praying?

How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide!
With evil deeds of evil men
Th' affrighted land is ringing;
But still, oh, Lord, the pious heart,
And soul-toned voice are singing!

Hush! hush! the preacher preacheth;
"Woe to the oppressor, woe!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
And sadden'd flowers below:

So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not in his gather'd brow
Your days of tribulation!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above:
God whispers in the thunder: hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But, thank'd be God, they can't prevent
The storm of heav'n from speaking.

A SONG IN EXILE.

Yes, with groans my lyre is strung;
Tears, from Poland's ruin wrung,
Flow in music from my tongue,
Poland's tears, and Liberty's.

England saw our setting sun!
Britons! was it wisely done?
You gave Warsaw to the Hun!
Why not London, Englishman?

Lo, while Russia's iron tread,
Where we fell or whence we fled,
Shakes the dust of Poland's dead!
Europe trembles guiltily!

Tyrant! twice we overthrew
Hordes of thine, to tyrants true!
Twice we smote, and twice we slew,
Recreant France! thy conquerors

Yet, with us was Europe sold;
Gaul's delay, and England's gold,
Frighted France, and Britain cold,
Bribed the Goth to purchase her.

Poland fell—and they may fall,
Crush'd on Freedom's funeral pall;
But the Lord is Lord of all;
Thou, oh, Father, tremblest not!

Hopeless, homeless, do we roam?
Be Revenge our hope and home!
Thoughts, that quench in gory foam
Moscow's fiery funeral!

By Polonia's gory sod!
Dig thou wide, Polonia's God,
Dig thou deep, where freemen trod,
Russia's grave, and tyranny's!

SPENSERIAN.

Thou art not bread-tax'd, Falcon! thou fear'st not
The haughty worms, that feed on toil defied;
Thou art not on the page of heav'n a blot;
Thou scorn'st to fatten beastly power and pride:
Therefore the free air weds thy dauntless side,
The all-bless'd sun, undazzled, meets thine eye,
The chainless cloud thy wing. Oh, wheeling wide,
Bid soul-bow'd man look upward! where the sky,
Arming for battle, growls, "Rise, Slave! be free, or die!"

EPITAPH.

Our friend, when other friend was none,
Our champion, when we had but one,
Curs'd by all rogues, beneath this sod
Bill Cobbett lies—a Man, by G—d!

SONG.

Hurrah for the land of the high and the low,
Where the only man safe is the lowest of all!
Where tenpenny Jem sneers at ninepenny Joe,
And the low ape the lofty, and pride fears no fall,
And Dick, from the pop-shop, looks big as a prince
At Tom from the pop-shop a Saturday since.

Hurrah for the land where the scab of to-day
Claims kindred with ulcers a hundred years old,
And new pus turns pale, lest the knife cut away
Some Ancient of Fetor, gore-clotted with gold,
And lively, and lousy, with venom, that makes
The grubs which it drops upon turn into snakes.

But—Day of the Banquet for long-trampled worms,
When millions, all hissing and fang'd, will come forth!
Oh, ne'er may'st thou dawn upon horrible forms,
That will sweep o'er the isle like the wing of the north,
Drink horror for wine, under shriek-shaken skies,
And quench thy red light in the glare of their eyes!

ON AN ORIGINAL SKETCH,

DRAWN WITH A PENCIL ON A WALL, BY MY SON FRANCIS.

I saw a head, a young but lifeless face,—
On its dark hair, and two white wings, reposed,
As on a pillow. Tears had left their trace
Down each sad cheek; beneath dim eyes half-closed,
The calm lips smiled; and lik a sky arose,
Amid thick curls, the forehead, doomed for thought.
It lay, as if the soul—though worn with woes,
And bathed in parting tears—serenely sought
For strength in sleep, before it wing'd its flight
From darkness, doubt, and dust, to dwell with God in light.

TO

CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ., M.P.

ONE OF OUR CREATORS OF NATIONAL WEALTH;

WHO,

WHILE THEY ENRICH THEMSELVES,

SILENTLY REPROACH THE SPLENDID DRONES OF SOCIETY,

BY

INCREASING THE PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL OF THE STATE—

I INSCRIBE THIS

HUMBLE POEM,

WISHING IT WERE WORTHIER.

STEAM, AT SHEFFIELD.

I.

Well gaze thou on the hills, and hedge-side flowers!
But blind old Andrew will with me repair
To yonder massive pile, where useful powers,
Toiling unconsciouly, aloud declare
That man, too, and his works, are grand and fair.
Son of the far-famed self-taught engineer,
Whose deeds where marvels in the bygone days!
Ill it becomes thee, with ungrateful sneer,
The trade-fed town and townsmen to dispraise.
Why rail at Traffic's wheels, and crowded ways?
Trade makes thee rich; then, William, murmur not
Though Trades black vapours ever round thee rise.
Trade makes thee sage; lo, thou readst Locke and Scott!
While the poor rustic beast-like lives and dies,
Blind to the page of priceless mysteries!
"Fair is the bow that spans the shower," thou say'st,
"But all unlovely, as an useless skull,
Is man's black workshop in the streeted waste."
And can the city's smoke be worse than dull,
If Martin found it more than beautiful?

Did he, did Martin steal immortal hues
From London's cloud, or Carron's gloomy glare—
Light-darken'd shadows, such as Milton's muse
Cast o'er th' Eternal—and shalt thou despair
To find, where man is found, the grand and fair?
Canst thou love Nature, and not love the sound
Of cheerful labour? He who loathes the crew
To whose hard hands the toiling oar is bound,
Is dark of spirit, bilious as his hue,
And bread-tax-dy'd in tory lust's true blue.
"Thou lov'st the woods, the rocks, the quiet fields!"
But tell me, if thou canst, enthusiast wan!
Why the broad town to thee no gladness yields?
If thou lov'st nature, sympathise with man,
For he, and his, are parts of nature's plan.
But canst thou love her, if she love not thee?
She will be wholly lov'd, or not at all.
Thou lov'st her streams, her flowers; thou lov'st to see
The gorgeous halcyon strike the bullrush tall;
Thou lov'st to feel the veil of evening fall,
Like gentlest slumber on a happy bride;
For these are Nature's? Art not thou her's too?
A portion of her pageantry and pride,
In all thy passions, all thou seek'st to do,
And all thou dost? The earth-worm is allied
To God, and will not have her claims denied,
Though thou disown her fellow-worm, and scorn

The lowly beauty of his toil and care.
" Sweet is the whisper of the breezy morn
To waking streams." And hath the useful share
No splendor? Doth the tiller's cottage wear
No smiles for thee? " How beauteous are the dyes
That grove and hedgerow from their plumage shake!"
And cannot the loud hammer, which supplies
Food for the blacksmith's rosy children, make
Sweet music to thy heart? " Behold the snake
Couch'd on its bed of beams." The scaly worm
Is lovely, coil'd above the river's flow;
But there is nobler beauty in the form
That wields the hissing steel, with ponderous blow;
Yea, there is majesty on that calm brow,
And in those eyes the light of thoughts divine!

II.

Come, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;
For there are wonders mightier far than thine;
Watt! and his million-feeding enginry!
Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
But thou canst hear the unwearied crash and roar
Of iron powers, that, urg'd by restless fire,
Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
Or say to greedy man, " Thou dost amiss."

III.

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,
With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's dream,
It stuns our wondering souls, that start and scream
With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;
And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
Before this metal god, that yet shall chase
The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
Preach science to the desert, and efface
The barren curse from every pathless place
Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
He loves the thunder of machinery!
It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
Like heav'n's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
Poor blind old man! what would he give to see
This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels!
This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,
And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore
Along the throng'd canal, in ceaseless roar
Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill

To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown
With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone
Coo for her absent love? Oh, ne'er again
Will Andrew pluck the freckled foxglove here!
How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
Towers the dense smoke! The falcon, wheeling near,
Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.

IV.

At first, with lifted hands in mute surprize,
Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
Brighten with generous pride, that man hath found
Redemption from the manacles which bound
His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
Constructed these grand works! Lo, like the sun,
Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks, with joy,
Of that futurity which is begun—
Of that great victory which shall be won
By Truth o'er Falsehood; and already feels
Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low
Deep sigh escapes him; sadness o'er him steals,
Shading his noble heart with selfish woe;
Yes, envy clouds his melancholy brow.
What! shall the good old times, in ought of good,
Yield to the days of cant and parish pay,
The sister-growth of twenty years of blood?

His ancient fame, he feels, is past away;
He is no more the wonder of his day—
The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer!

v.

But he is still the man who planted here
The first steam engine seen in all the shire—
Laugh'd at by many an Eldon far and near;
While sundry sage Newcastle's, in their ire,
Swore that a roasting in his boiler fire
Would best reward the maker. Round his form
The spirit of the Moors wrapp'd fold on fold
Of thund'rous gloom, and flash'd th' indignant storm
From his dilating eyes, when first uproll'd
The volumed smoke, that like a prophet, told
Of horrors yet to come. His angry scowl
Cast night at noon o'er Rivilin and Don.
And scared o'er Loxley's springs the screaming fowl;
For rill and river listen'd, every one,
When the old Tory put his darkness on.
Full soon, his deep and hollow voice forth brake,
Cursing the tilting, tipling, strange machine;
And then the lightning of his laughter spake,
Calling the thing a "Whimsy."* To this day

* When the steam engine (not Watt's) was first employed in drawing coals from mines, it was nick-named a "Whimsy," by the admirers of the wisdom of our ancestors; and to this

A "Whimsy" it is call'd, wherever seen;
And strangers, travelling by the mail, may see
The coal-devouring monster, as he rides,
And wonder what the uncouth beast may be
That canters, like a horse with wooden sides,
And lifts his food from depths where night presides,
With winking taper, o'er the in-back'd slave,
Who laid face upward, hews the black stone down.*
Poor living corpse! he labours in the grave;
Poor two-legg'd mole! he mines for half a crown,
From morn to eve—that wolves, who sleep on down,
And pare our bones, may eat their bread-tax warm!

VI.

But could poor Andrew's "Whimsy" boast an arm,
Aback like these? Upstart of Yesterday!
Thou doubler of the rent of every farm,
From John-o-Groat's to Cornwall's farthest bay!
Engine of Watt! unrivall'd is thy sway.
Compared with thine, what is the tyrant's power?
His might destroys, while thine creates and saves.
Thy triumphs live and grow, like fruit and flower;
But his are writ in blood, and read on graves!

day that description of steam-engine is called a "Whimsy," in the coal districts.

* The colliers are all weasel-backed, in consequence of the position in which they work.

Let him yoke all his regimented slaves,
And bid them strive to wield thy tireless fly,
As thou canst wield it. Soon his baffled bands
Would yield to thee, despite his wrathful eye.
Lo! unto thee both Indies lift their hands!
Thy vapoury pulse is felt on farthest strands!
Thou tirest not, complainest not,—though blind
As human pride (earth's lowest dust,) art thou.
Child of pale thought! dread masterpiece of mind
I read not thought nor passion on thy brow!
To-morrow thou will labour, deaf as now!
And must we say "that soul is wanting here?"

VII.

No; there he moves, the thoughtful engineer,
The soul of all this motion; rule in hand,
And coarsely apron'd—simple, plain, sincere—
An honest man; self-taught to understand
The useful wonders which he built and plann'd.
Self-taught to read and write—a poor man's son,
Though poor no more—how would he sit alone,
When the hard labour of the day was done,
Bent o'er his table, silent as a stone,
To make the wisdom of the wise his own!
How oft' of Brindley's deeds th' apprenticed boy
Would speak delighted, long ere freedom came!
And talk of Watt! while, shedding tears of joy,
His widow'd mother heard, and hoped the name

Of her poor boy, like theirs, would rise to fame.
Was not her love prophetic? Is he famed?
Yea; for deep foresight, and improving skill,
And patience, which might make the proud ashamed.
Built by himself, lo, yonder, from the hill
His dwelling peeps!—and she is with him still;
Happy to live, and well prepared to die!

VIII.

How unlike him is Grip, the upstart sly,
Who on the dunghill, whence he lately rose,
Lost his large organ of identity,
And left his sire to starve! Alas, he knows
No poor man now! But every day he goes
To visit his nine acres, pitiless
Of him who tills the road, that shoeless boor,
Who feeds his brother exile in distress.
Hark! muttering oaths, he wonders why our poor
Are not all Irish! Eyeing, then, the moor,
He swears, if he were king, what he would do!
Our corn-importing rogues should have a fall;
For he would plough the rocks, and trench them, too.
And then of bloody papists doth he bawl;—
If he were king, he'd (damn them!) shoot them all.
And then he quotes the Duke! and sagely thinks
That princes should be loyal to the throne.
And then he talks of privilege—and winks:
Game he can't eat, he hints; but kills his own.

And then he calls the land a marrow bone,
Which tradesmen suck; for he no longer trades,
But talks of traffic with defensive sneer.
Full deeply is he learn'd in modes and grades,
And condescends to think my lord his peer!
Yet, lo! he noddeth at the engineer—
Grins at the fellow—grunts—and lounges on!

LEGION, A PORTRAIT.

Wallowing in wealth, and yet an Almoner!
Shark goes not to the workhouse for his pay,
But wrings his bread-tax from the labourer;
Then to the Treadmill takes his righteous way,
To see his victim-vagabonds display
Their British virtues—but he never treads!
In vain, the merchant pleads for leave to sell;
In vain, for leave to toil the labourer pleads;
In vain, to Shark, of ruin'd trade we tell!
Oh, for a law to purge this demon's hell,
And cast out fiends! or teach the nuisance vile
He must not make the general loss his gain!
Or whip him naked through the bankrupt isle!
That he may reap some portion of the pain
With which he sows our hearths, and so restrain
His dev'lish appetite for famine's tears!

SONG.

They sold the chairs, they took the bed, and went;
A fiend's look after them the husband sent:
His thin wife held him faintly, but in vain;
She saw the alehouse in his scowl of pain.—
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

Upon her pregnant womb her hand she laid,
Then stabb'd her living child! and shriek'd, dismay'd:
"Oh, why had I a mother!" wildly said
That saddest mother, gazing on the dead.—
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

Slowly she turn'd, and sought the silent room,
Her last-born child's lone dwelling-place, and tomb!
Because they could not purchase earth and prayer,
The dear dead boy had long lain coffin'd there!
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

But that boy hath a sister—where is she?
Dying, where none a cherub fall'n may see:
"Mother! Oh, come!" she sobs with stifled groan,
In that blest isle, where pity turns to stone.—
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

Before the judge, the childless stood amazed,
With none to say, "My Lord! the wretch is crazed."
Crowds saw her perish, but all eyes were dry;
Drunk, in the crowd, her husband saw her die!—
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

Around the murderer's wrists they lock the chain:
What tyrant? whom hath Rapine's victim slain?
The widow, hunger-stung and sorrow-bent,
Who ask'd, with tears, her lodger's weekly rent!
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

Oh, Wholesale Dealers in waste, want, and war!
Would, that your deeds were written! and they are!
Written and graved, on minds and hearts oppress'd;
Stamp'd deep, and blood-burnt-in, o'er realms unbless'd!—
Hurrah, for bread-tax'd England!

TO MR. COSTELLO,

ON HIS INSTITUTION FOR BREAKING THE STONE IN THE BLADDER.

The man who bade the needle
Point ever to its star,
Gave many a land a sister-land,
O'er roaring seas afar.

Watt's vapoury lever yet shall lift
All hearts that pine and languish;
And Cluley's skill, Costello's worth,
Have found a heav'n for anguish.

Hast thou not honour'd Newton,
Whose mind untwisted Light,
And on th' unletter'd ether wrote
The laws of day and night?
But long disease and torture tried
The mind that hath no fellow;
The stone, the stone, the sleepless stone!
Where then wast thou Costello?

Hast thou not honour'd Franklin,
Of honest men the best,
Whose self-taught genius boldly made
The lightnings flash his guest?
But long disease and torture turn'd
His cheek's fresh roses yellow;
The stone, the stone, the torturing stone!
Ah! where wast thou, Costello?

Thy own Buffon, oh, Nature!
The genial and the gay,
With whose free soul through deserts thou
Didst wander day by day;

Thy chainless child the stone bound down,
In bonds of pain to languish;
And no Costello came, to say,
"I break thy bonds of anguish."

Too long in vain, Improvement,
The sufferers yearn'd for thee,
With teeth set, lips retracted, eyes
Turn'd up in agony;
The sleepless life of restless years,
The pang that hath no fellow,
Too long cried, "Hasten to be born;
Pain waits too long, Costello."

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the school boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beateous power
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

SPENSERIAN.

All unmatch'd Shakspeare, and the blind old Man
Of London, hymn in every land and clime
Our country's praise, while many an artisan
Spins for her glory school-taught lays sublime.
Them in her bosom, be they blank or rhyme,
Oblivious spirits gently will inter.
But three unborrow'd strains will to all time
Give honour, glory, highest laud to her—
Thalaba! Peter Bell! the Ancient Mariner!

OGDEN.

Where now art thou, in thy despair,
"Revered and ruptured Ogden!" where?
Still dost thou live, to feel and see
The woes of bread tax'd misery,
Which justly scourge the thousands vile
Who paid thy pangs with taunt and smile?
Or, like thy praised and classic foe,
Hast thou thy bed with worms below?
From Chiswick's halls,—no more to sneer,
With pauper lords, at victims here—

Pierced by the shaft of coward scorn,
In mournful state, we saw him borne.
But thou didst quit the dungeon's shade,
With none to pity, none to aid,
While he stood up in pomp and might,
Like fire at noon, a light in light.—
Tyrants self-doom'd! whose withering words
Are cruel as your jails and swords!
Lo, men yet live, though scorn'd they be,
Who gibbet for eternity!
And yet your Bread-tax lives, to say
That Sidmouth liv'd, and Castlereagh;
And tell a nation, triumph-lost,
What thirty years of crime may cost!

SONG.

Oh, why is gladness turn'd to woe?
And wealth to beggary, too?
John Payall! if thou dost not know,
Ask Blucher's Waterloo?

And why doth hope take wing, and fly?
And why is conscience gone?
Ask Pitt in hell—or, by and by,
Ask Famine's Wellington?

PAPER AND GOLD.

Your paper-rents, ye Bread-tax-eaters,
  Are paid in gold to you!
And what ye owe, was lent by creatures
  Who pay the interest, too!
Your shilling, Drones, is twice a shilling!
  While our's is scarce a groat!
And we're unable, and unwilling
  To toil for less than nought.
What gain we by your vaunted acres,
  And palaced meanness? Zounds!
One loaf for two, at every Baker's!
  Twelve shillings for two pounds!
What will your wheat at Hamburgh bring you
  When we to trade forget?
And mortgagees for interest wring you?
  Or sell, for half the debt?

THOMAS.

Thou art not dead, my son! my son!
  But God hath hence remov'd thee:
Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
  While lives the sire who lov'd thee.

How canst thou die, while weeps for thee
The broken heart that bore thee,
And even the thought that thou art not
Can to her soul restore thee?
Will grief forget thy willingness
To run before thy duty?
The love of all the good and true,
That filled thine eyes with beauty?
Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
When others had offended,
That made thee look as angels look,
When great good deeds are ended?
The strength with which thy soul sustain'd
Thy woes, and daily wasting?
Thy prayer, to stay with us, when sure
That thou from us wast hasting?
And that last smile, which seem'd to stay,
"Why cannot ye restore me?"
Thy look'd farewell is in my heart,
And brings thee still before me.
What, though the change, the fearful change,
From thought, which left thee never,
To unremembering ice and clay,
Proclaim thee gone for ever?
Thy half-clos'd lids, thy upturn'd eyes,
Thy still and lifeless tresses;
Thy marble lip, which moves no more,
Yet more than grief expresses;

The silence of thy coffin'd snow,
By awed remembrance cherish'd;
These dwell with me, like gather'd flowers,
That in their April perish'd.
Thou art not gone, thou canst not go,
My bud, my blasted blossom!
The pale rose of thy faded face
Still withers in my bosom.
Oh, Mystery of Mysteries,
That took'st my poor boy from me!
What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
If weakness can o'ercome thee?
We hear thee not! we see thee not,
Ee'n when thy arrows wound us;
But viewless, printless, echoless,
Thy steps are ever round us.
Though more than life a mystery
Art thou, the undeceiver,
Amid thy trembling worshippers
Thou seest no true believer.
No!—but for life, and more than life,
No fearful search could find thee:
Tremendous shadow! who is He
That ever stands behind thee?
The Power, who bids the worm deny
The beam that o'er her blazes,
And veils from us the holier light
On which the seraph gazes,

Where burns the throne of Him, whose name
The sunbeams here write faintly;
And where my child a stranger stands
Amid the blest and saintly,
And sobs aloud—while in his eyes
The tears, o'erflowing, gather—
" They come not yet until they come,
Heav'n is not heav'n, my Father!
Why come they not? why comes not she
From whom thy will removes me?
Oh, does she love me, love me still?
I know my mother loves me!
Then, send her soon! and with her send
The brethren of my bosom!
My sisters, too! Lord, let them all
Bloom round the parted blossom!
The only pang I could not bear
Was leaving them behind me:
I cannot bear it. Even in heaven
The tears of parting blind me!"

BIGOTRY.

When calm minds strongly shoot into the night
Their shafts of lightning, no rous'd hamlet screams;

But darkness dies, pierced through and through
with light,
That casts in silence round its useful beams.
Not so, when Zealots twang into the dark,
Flight after flight, their mischief whizzing spears;
Though, thunder-winged, they hit or miss the
mark,
They never fail to fire their own long ears,
Which blaze, with splendour not to be endured,
Except by them whose barns and corn-ricks are
insured.

SPENSERIAN.

From sordid thraldom, and a shameful ban,
Who hath redeem'd aspers'd democracy?
King-loath'd Columbia's brave and wise old man.
Rejoice, Oh, World! God said "Let Jackson be!"
And at his feet died swoll'n Monopoly!
Rejoice! his triumph saves no single state,
But every state; it saith, "Let Trade be free!"
Lone Washington! another good and great,
Hath earn'd a a deathless name—and every villain's
hate.

THE SOLAND GOOSE.

Scotsmen! what Scotch Chalmers saith
Do ye devotely trust;
In God and nature put no faith,
But, childless, mix with dust.

Become extinct, ye noble race
Of Watt, and Bruce, and Burns!
That Paddy Whack may take your place,
And men make room for Kernes.

Die all unmarried, Englishmen!
So Chalmers bids ye die:
Become extinct! and then—What then?
Ask Looney Twalter's sty.

Daughters of Milton's mind and heart!
Will ye God's will approve?
No, call him Fool! bid bliss depart!
Reject earth's heav'n of love!

That men, who neither spin nor sow,
Of bread-tax'd crowds may tell!*

* What do the worthies, who restrict our food, intend by their emigration schemes, of which we hear so much? They

Confirm their league with crime and woe!
And make of earth a hell!

Famed Soland Goose! thy better name
Can ne'er be doubted more,
Since Chalmers wrote, for pence and fame,
What Malthus wrote before.

DON AND ROTHER.

Again we meet, where often we have met,
Dear Rother! native Don!
We meet again, to talk, with vain regret,
Of deedless aims! and years, remember'd yet—
The past and gone!

We meet again—perchance, to meet no more!
Oh, Rivers of the heart!
I hear a voice, unvoyaged billows o'er,
Which bids me hasten to their pathless shore,
And cries, "Depart!"

intend to valve population down to the safety-point. They can neither see that their safety-valve costs more than it is worth; nor that, if they would let the efficiency of population keep pace with its numbers, no saftey-valve could be needed.

" Depart!" it cries. " Why linger on the stage
Where virtues are veil'd crimes?
Have I not read thee, even from youth to age?
Thou blotted book, with only one bright page!
Thy honest rhymes!

" Depart, pale Drone! What fruit-producing flower
Hast thou rear'd on the plain?
What useful moments count'st thou in thine hour?
What victim hast thou snatch'd from cruel power?
What tyrant slain?"

I will obey the power whom all obey.
Yes, Rivers of the heart!
O'er that blind deep, where morning casts no ray,
To cheer the oarless wanderer on his way,
I will depart.

But first, oh, Rivers of my childhood! first
My soul shall talk with you;
For on your banks my infant thoughts were nurs'd;
Here from the bud the spirit's petals burst,
When life was new.

Before my fingers learn'd to play with flowers,
My feet through flowers to stray;
Ere my tongue lisp'd, amid your dewy bowers,
Its first glad hymn to mercy's sunny showers,
And air, and day;

When in my mother's arms, an infant frail,
Along your windings borne,
My blue eye caught your glimmer in the vale,
Where halcyons darted o'er your willows pale,
On wings like morn;

Ye saw my feelings round that mother grow,
Like green leaves round the root!
Then thought, with danger came, and flowered like woe!
But deeds, the fervent deeds that blush and glow,
Are Virtue's fruit.

From infancy to youth; from schoolboy days,
When life with stones and flowers
Sports, like the stream that with the sunbeam plays,
Till age counts fearfully his number'd days—
We waste our powers.

What doth the man, but what the child hath done?
We live, we talk, we move!
The best of all who prate beneath the sun;
The praised of all who smile, and talk, and run,
But live and love.

And if the best are like the useless gem
That shines in idle state;
Heavy, on those who crush the useful stem—
Heavy will fall the hand of God on them
Who live and hate!

Who bruise the weak, but bind no broken reed;
Who know not ruth nor shame;
Who, flowerless, ban the flower, to plant the weed;
And curse the toiling worms on whom they feed,
In God's great name!

Can I not crush them? No. Then, warning voice,
Teach me to welcome thee!
I cannot crush them. Let me, then rejoice
Because thou call'st; and make my fate my choice,—
Bound, and yet free.

Is it not love, to loathe the loveless? Yea,
'Tis love like God's to man!
The love of angels for their God!—Away!
Such love alone repayeth those who pay—
No other can.

They love not God, who do not hate man's foes,
With hatred—not like mine—
But deep as Hell, and blacker. To loathe those
Who blast the hope of freedom as it blows,
Is love divine.

Ah! many a blossom of the holy tree
Hath blossom'd but to fade!
Poland! the tears of nations flow for thee!
Thy bud of late redemption, Italy,
In dust is laid!

But hath no hope cheer'd man's despair since first
I trode thy margin, Don?
Yea, mighty links of evil's chain are burst;
And they who curse, and will not bless, accurs'd,
Fall one by one.

Though Poland bleeds where Kosciusko died,
Hark! France and Belgium say,
To thrones crime-sceptred "Lo, you are defied!"
And at my birth, Redemption's angel cried,
"America!"

Then, Rivers, tell my mother earth, I come
To slumber on her breast!
For, lo, my drooping thoughts refuse to bloom!
My spirit shakes its fetters. I crave room
For rest, for rest.

SPENSERIAN.

Spirit of British trade!—but thou, mean slave
Whom vermin feed on, spirit none hast thou!—
Oh, for the voice of Cromwell from the grave,
To ask, why men whose sires were free, allow
King-humbling Miscreancy to starve them now!—

Spirit of British Trade! thy merchant kings
Should wear a crown of foolscap on their brow,
With this inscription: "Traffic's creeping things!
Where Beckford was a man, we are Dirt's underlings!"

FUNERAL HYMN.

Father! our brother's course is run,
And we bring home thy weary son;
No more he toils, no more he weeps;
And shall we mourn because he sleeps?

He thank'd thee, God of earth and sky,
For all that creep, and all that fly;
For weeds, that silent anthems raise,
And thoughts, that make their silence praise.

For every thorn, and every flower!
For conquering Right, and baffled Power;
For all the meek, and all the proud,
He thank'd the Lord of sun and cloud.

For soul to feel and sight to see,
In all thy works, but types of thee;

For all thy works, and for thy word,
In life and death, he thank'd thee, Lord.

He thank'd thee, too, for struggles long;
For storms, that make the feeble strong;
For every pang thy goodness gave;
For hope deferr'd—and for the grave.

Oh, welcome in the morn, the road
That climbs to virtue's high abode!
But when descends the evening dew,
The inn of rest is welcome, too.

Thou sayst to man, 'Arise, and run
Thy glorious course, like yonder sun!'
But when thy children need repose,
Their Father's hand the curtain draws.

What, though, with eyes that yet can weep,
The sinner trembles into sleep?
Thou know'st, he yet shall wake, and rise,
To gaze on Mercy's brightest skies.

The fearful child, though still caress'd,
Will tremble on his mother's breast,
But he, she knows, is safe from ill,
Though, watch'd by love, he tremble still.

Lord! when our brother wakes, may they
Who watch beneath thy footstool, say,
"Another wanderer is forgiven!
Another child is born in heav'n!"

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

Flowers! winter flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak:
Oh, softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break!
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.
How like a form in cold, white stone,
The coffin'd infant lies!
Look, Mother, on thy little one!
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still:
Flowers! Oh, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill!
Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er th' unfailing well;

Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The crimson pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring!
Yes, lay the daisy's little head,
Beside the little cheek;
Oh, haste! the last of five is dead!
The childless cannot speak!

TO FANNY.

Britoness! angels love in thee
Angelic truth and piety;
But angels do not bow the knee
To God-defying homicides.

For others' woes thy bosom bleeds;
Deep is thy hate of hateful deeds;
But why of words, and forms, and creeds,
Oh, why art thou the homager?

Does true religion war on mind?
Is pure religion deaf and blind?
They best serve God, who serve mankind;
Christ bade us feed his little ones.

Oh, then, contemn the base and cold;
Say to thy sons, 'Be just and bold,
Unaw'd by power, unbribed by gold!'
Britoness! this is piety.

Thou bid'st me scorn this world of care;
'For better worlds,' thou say'st 'prepare!'
Not I—if angel forms are there
Apologists of tyrranny.

Where Milton's eyes, no longer dim,
See Seraphs walk with slander'd Pymm,
I will not hear the cherubim
Sing tory odes to Castlereagh.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the Poor.
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn hearts wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?

From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He bless'd the Steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

SONG.

Hard Lesson! cheap at any price,
And sternly taught to me;
That human nature's cowardice
Is man's worst enemy!
Pride spurns the fall'n; strength aids the strong;
And he who wrongs not, suffers wrong,
Or bribes iniquity;
But let the weak seem arm'd and still,
And they will fawn, who else would kill.

EPIGRAM.

While Cobbett, who ne'er blush'd, is sometimes
civil;
And blushing Bob's queer tricks would shame the
divel;
Arthur alone is, in the genuine sense,
A specimen of fossil impudence,
Worthy of everlasting preservation,
To edify each future generation.

EPIGRAM.

When long, the drama, in a sordid age,
Had droop'd, an exile; to the desert stage
Impassion'd nature, weeping as she smiled,
Led, by his trembling hand, her darling child:
Even from the worms upstarted buried spleen,
While Shakspeare's dust, in transport, murmur'd—
"Kean!"

THE DEATH-HUNTED.

Methought, I wander'd long and far, and slept
On purple heath flowers, where a dark stream crept,
For ever young, along its bed of stone.
But soon before my troubled spirit pass'd,
A dream of unclimb'd hills, and forests vast,
And sea-like lakes, and shadowy rivers lone.

And there a man, whose youth seem'd palsied eld,
Mov'd faintly, though by famish'd death impell'd.
Lean was his cheek; yet beam'd his gentle eye,
With a calm sadness, on the mountains hoar,
And the magnificent flora, on the shore
Of waters, piled against his native sky.

And, "Oh," he said, "false hope, that truth-like seem'd!
I thought that toil might earn hard bread! I dream'd.
Who hath had sorrows, and despair, like mine?
Millions! to wander, or to perish, free!
Green Erin's dower! can lightenings blast like thee?
Cold Rapine! hath the wolf a tooth like thine?

"Farewell, my Country! and, oh, thank'd be thou,
Realm of the roaring surge, that part'st us now!

And, hail, ye pathless swamps, ye unsail'd floods!—
Thou owest nought, thou glittering snake to me!
Hiss! if thou wilt! I ask not bread of thee!"
And then he plung'd into the night of woods.

The corpse fed-spectre, that had chas'd him o'er
Woe-freighted waves, stopp'd ere he reach'd the shore;
For a voice whisper'd from dim caves beneath,
" Thou may'st spare one, if millions are behind!
Turn then, and cleave the blissful western wind
Back to the grave of Hope, where Love is Death!"

CORN-LAW HYMNS.

TO

MR. THOMAS HODGKIN,

AUTHOR OF

"Popular Political Economy,"

I DEDICATE THESE CORN-LAW HYMNS.

WITH

MANY THANKS FOR HIS MASTERLY WORK.

PREFACE.

If we are still to be cursed with Corn-Laws, and if no improvement is to be made in the condition of Ireland, the squire-praised "moral restraint" of Messrs. Malthus, Chalmers, Jeffrey, and Co., if acted upon, would produce the gradual but sure extinction of the English and Scotch people. Their place, it is true, would be supplied by Paddy, a fine fellow, who boasts that he has already tinged our language with the brogue. But will those considerate and comfortable saints and sages tell us, what would be gained by the exchange? Do they really think that England and Scotland could be gainers by carefully draining from their veins every drop of the blood of Knox and Hampden, Locke and Watt? Are nations to be self-sacrificed without motive? No! rather let "the scourge of God," the law of population, become, in his hands, another Alaric! till the monopolists, and the government, fight for the taxes in right earnest. The land owners already cry, "Give us the Malt-Tax!" Their next cry will be "Transfer to us all the taxes! but

touch not the Corn-Laws! As the national debt was contracted for our supposed advantage, rob the public creditors for our sole benefit!" So shall those transfers, and that robbery, take from the public burdens not the weight of a single farthing.

But the worst symptom of the malady, which is preying on the vitals of the body politic, is the apathy with which our first-class merchants and manufacturers, and I may add, the base middle classes generally, regard the insane and suicidal power which is straining the cord that binds us to fatal competiti with our best friends, converting customers into rivals! Those self-robbed imitators and upholders of an aristocracy that is sucking their blood like leeches, will not see until it is too late, that the strikes and unions which they deprecate, are but the beginning of a resistance to the Corn-Laws, which is probably destined to bring down the roof of the social edifice on the heads of all. Are not the multitude rapidly learning, that organization is the art of war? And debased and degraded as they have been by long oppression, who is to assure us, and what right have we to expect, that they will not eventually apply their strategy—the most easily acquired, and the least intellectual of all knowledge—to other than squire-and-parson-pleasing purposes? In the meantime, the for ever-lost and degraded Whigs, by refusing to untax

knowledge, have withheld from the people the only means by which they could learn how to use wisely and safely, the tremendous power which they could not now avoid possessing if they would.

Some of the Dirt-Kings—and among them, the great leader of the Bread-taxocracy—are raising a cry for paper-money. What do they mean by it? Do they really wish to receive sixpences for shillings? Or do they mean again to double their rents by a depreciation of the currency; and then, by again resuming cash payments, secure again their paper-rents in gold, and perpetrate another gigantic robbery on the people? But the people have not forgotten, that after the resumption of cash payments, manufactured goods fell in price fifty per cent; that with those goods we bought the gold which was wanted for the purpose of resuming cash payments; and that consequently the depreciation in the value of those goods was equivalent to an advance of one hundred per cent. in the price of gold! Let the Bread-taxocracy, then, ask themselves, how cash payments could possibly have been resumed, if we had possessed nothing to buy gold with, but our agricultural productions, even if there had been in this country, (which there was not,) a surplus of those productions? How much gold could they have purchased at Hamburgh with their wheat, realizing twenty shillings per quarter, after

payment of the freight and other expences? Supposing the purchase to have been made, what a luxury potatoes would have been to their mortgagees! The fact of the gold having been purchased,—not with wheat, but with cottons and woollens and hardware,—shews what a mighty engine trade is! and ought to shew our oppressors, how hopeless will be their condition, if they contrive to deprive us of that engine! for the capabilities of every artisan thrown permanently out of employment, may truly be said to represent the destruction of a capital of one thousand pounds, and the double incidence of that lost capital, acting destructively on all who have still anything left to lose! Who are they who threaten to destroy such capabilities? They are the worthies who declare, by act of parliament, that they cannot, in their character of unproductive landed annuitants, secure their miserable two and a half per cent,* without taxing all productive interests eighty per cent, in the price of the productions of the soil! Let us then, first, measure their worth by the merchant's rule of barter, or reaction of discount.

* Do not the buyers of landed estates swagger that they get no more than two and a half per cent. interest for their capital? Yes, and if any auctioneer can verify the fact, let us instantly have a free trade, or God help the buyers of land!

Take eighty from a hundred, and twenty remain. What is the per centage of the eighty upon the remaining twenty? It is four hundred! Let us next try them by the rule of three. If two and a half require one hundred, what will eighty require? The answer is three thousand two hundred! What do those figures prove? That if the immediate results of the Corn-Laws to the consumers of corn are of a ruinous nature, incomparably more deadly still will be the reaction of those results on the fortunes of the landowners, unless they awake from their evil dream, before they have enabled our manufacturing rivals to take the lead in foreign markets. They prove, that in the unnatural position in which the Corn-Laws have placed us, trade is, after all, the only safe investment of capital in this country! for it is not only an unprotected interest, but it carries all the protected vermin on its back, and hitherto without stumbling! They prove, that nothing can save the mortgaged portion of the landowners from utter ruin, but the doubling of the population and the trebling of its efficiency; and the hideous anxiety of those gentlemen to expatriate the people proves, how fully they are themselves convinced, that free trade alone can effect those objects. Why, then, do they oppose free trade? Oh, it will be time enough to talk about free trade, when Chandos & Co. have devoured the Malt-Tax,

and the produce of all the other taxes. Besides, England, Scotland, and Wales, are not yet covered with potatoe-patches. When all the farmers are ruined by the Corn-Laws, we can still try the potatoe-patch system here: in the meantime, we can introduce it gradually!—and in Ireland, we know, that bayonet-tilled lands pay ten pounds a year rent, per acre. Yes, and we also know who and what they are, who ALONE pay for the bayonets! The agriculturists cannot pay for them, for we consume all their produce; and they are protected from competition by ten shillings per quarter freight, and the Corn-Laws besides.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 1.

If he who kills the body
A murderer's death shall die;
If he who slays the human soul
Would hurl God from on high;
Then, they who make our hopes, our lives,
Our children's souls their prey,
Unforgiven, loathed of heav'n,
In life and death are they;
Who kill the body and the soul,
But first the spirit slay!

Behold the flag of England,
In tyrant's battles rent!
We fought for Britain's locustry,
And, self-o'ercome, lament.
They summ'd their debt at Mont Saint Jean,
They paid at Peterloo,
With a yell that in hell
Turn'd meeker demons blue;
For we had crush'd their hated foe,
And England's freedom, too!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 2.

Lord! to the rose thy light and air
Impart the glory which they share;
To air's embrace her sweets she owes—
With morn's warm kiss her beauty glows:
Give us Freedom! Give us Freedom! Free Trade!

Hark! how it floats the vale along!
'Tis music's voice! 'tis nature's song!
It charms the woods, the rocks, the skies;
And, hark! how echo's soul replies!
Give us Freedom! &c.

The lone flower hears the skylark sing,
And trembles like his raptured wing;
But pays the song that cheer'd and bless'd,
With dewdrops, shed beside his nest.
Give us Freedom! &c.

The wild bird bears the foodful seed
To farthest wilds, where birds would feed;
Lo, food springs up, where hunger died,
And beauty clothes the desert wide!
Give us Freedom! &c.

Streams trade with clouds, seas trade with heav'n,
Air trades with light, and is forgiv'n;
While man would make all climes his own,
But, chain'd by man, laments alone.
Give us Freedom! &c.

Where torrid climes intensely glow,
Lo, trade buys gold with polar snow!
Then, let Bourdeaux hire Glasgow's loom,
And in our hearts Gaul's vintage bloom!
Give us Freedom! &c.

Thy winds, oh, God, are free to blow,
Thy streams are free to chime and flow,
Thy clouds are free to roam the sky;
Let man be free, his arts to ply!
Give us Freedom! &c.

The fiends would chain the winds and sea,
Who famish men, and libel thee:
Lord! give us hope! Oh, banish fear!
"From every face wipe every tear!"
Give us Freedom! &c.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 3.

"Wrong not the poor," ye mighty,
"For God will plead their cause!"

The prayer of curses "God will hear,
And judge ye by your laws."
Your evil deeds "will fight for them
Whose labour is their life."
For the right in their might,
They will meet you in the strife,
With "God for us!" and "wrath for you,
Who take our bread, our life!"

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 4.

Father! thy nation-girding seas,
Obey alike the storm and breeze,
To clasp us all in one embrace!
Not sever wide our social race!

To feed, not famish humankind,
Was labour'd land by thee designed!
To yield us food! not tax our bread,
And libel thee with mouths unfed!

Yet prosper they who curse the soil,
Ordained to feed the sons of toil!
They who make pain of sun and rain—
Of seas and winds a dungeon chain!

God of the poor! shall labour eat?
Or drones alone find labour sweet?
Lo, they who call thy earth their own,
Take all we have—and give a stone!

"They toil not, neither do they spin,"
But call us names of shame and sin;
Eat ev'n our lives, our very graves!
And make our unborn children slaves!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 5.

Se'est thou, oh, God, our deadly strife,
Our war for bread? for life, for life?
How like the war of seas and skies,
When struggling thousands fall and rise!

On howling foam, and tossing wave
The rich and poor, the lord and slave,
Float like frail shells, amid the shocks
Of senseless logs and solid rocks.

What, though, at times, the sun looks down,
Through shatter'd clouds, on ocean's frown?
Though rocks may scorn the sea and sky,
While logs are safe, and navies die?

Can sun-lit surge, or sun-lit shore,
Cheer them who shriek in ocean's roar?
Lord! what avails the transient blue
That smiles on storm, and shipwreck, too?

Ah, what avails the dying might
That struggles still, through gloom and light,
If in them both we feel and see
The might of fatal prophecy?

The sun that shines from deadly skies,
No comfort brings to him who dies:
A torch may glare in jail or tomb,
But chains are chains, and doom is doom.

Then, wherefore say thy foes and ours,
That good is wrought by evil powers?
"Behold," they cry, "our wealth our bliss!
What land," they ask "can vie with this?"

Still plant they thorns, that flowers may grow,
To lift the high, still crush the low;
And scorn the cloud which, splendour-nurs'd,
Frowns o'er their pomp, and longs to burst.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 6.

Lord! call thy pallid angel,—
The tamer of the strong!
And bid him whip with want and woe
The champions of the wrong!
Oh, say not thou to ruin's flood,
"Up, Sluggard! why so slow?"
But alone let them groan,
The lowest of the low;
And basely beg the bread they curse,
Where millions curse them now!

No, wake not thou the giant
Who drinks hot blood for wine;
And shouts unto the east and west,
In thunder tones like thine;
Till the slow to move rush all at once,
An avalanche of men?
While he raves over waves
That need no whirlwind then;
Though slow to move, mov'd all at once,
A sea, a sea of men!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 7.

Kill not the flower that feeds the useful bee,
For more than beauteous is that sweet flower's blush:
'Tis toil's reward that sweetens industry,
As love inspires with strength th' enraptured thrush.

To fall'n humanity our Father said,
That food and bliss should not be found unsought;
That man should labour for his daily bread;
But not that man should toil and sweat for nought.

Not that the best should live a living death,
To give the worst a beastly sense of life;
And waste in servitude their fleeting breath,
Waging with care and want a hopeless strife.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 8.

Lord! bid our palaced worms their vileness know!
Bleach them with famine, till they earn their bread!
And—taught by pain to feel a brother's woe—
Marvel that honest labour toils unfed!

They never felt how vain it is to seek
From bread-taxed trade its interdicted gain;
How hard to toil, from dreary week to week,
And ever labouring, labour still in vain.

They never heard their children's grim despair
Cry, "Give us work, ere want and death prevail!"
Then seek in crime, or in desponding prayer,
A refuge from the bread-tax-crowded jail.

They never saw the matron's breaking heart
Break slowly o'er her son's desponding sigh;
Nor watch'd her hopeless mate, when glad to part
From all he lov'd and left beneath the sky.

They heed not, though the widow wrings her hands
Above her woe-worn husband's nameless grave,
When her last boy departs for distant lands,
Rather than live, or die, a bread-tax'd slave.

But, Lord, thou hearest, when the sufferer cries!
Thou markest, when the honest heart is rent!
Thou heedest, when the broken-hearted dies!
And thou wilt pardon—when thy foes repent.

Then, let them kneel—oh, not to us, but thee!
For judgment, Lord, to thee alone belongs!
But we are petrified with misery.
And turn'd to marble by a life of wrongs.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 9.

The present, future, past,
  What are they, Lord, but thee?
Thou art, and ever wast,
  What hath been and will be.

Thou only seest the sun
  To which slow ages tend—
And art the Unbegun,
  Which is, and cannot end.

The generations gone,
  What are they but a word?
All all that all have done,
  Is but thy whisper, Lord.

The deeds which, in old song,
  Like stars of morning shine,
Are accents from thy tongue,
  Unwritten words of thine.

Before thee, Homer's name,
  Ere Greece was named, went forth;
And, like a word of flame,
  Glared Alaric from the North.

Methinks, I hear thy voice,
  Prophetic, at this hour—
Where evil powers rejoice,
  And worship evil power.

A word of fatal tone,
  The blind shall hear and see;
A word of fire unblown
  On them shall written be.

Lo! things of earth combine
  To curse the blessed sod!
Bid God his power resign!
  And clench their fists at God!

And dreadful art thou, Lord,
  Thy words are dreadful then,
When men make law a sword,
  To smite the rights of men!

The dust of patriots dead,
  Hears then thy stillest tones;
Pale tyrants, waxing red,
  Crouch frighted on their thrones;

For wrongs go forth in might,
  Like whirlwind on the sea;
And vengeance strikes for right!—
  What is he, Lord, but thee?

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 10.

Behold, oh, Lord, the worms, that bind,
In loathsome bonds, the sea and wind!
To reign like death, and frown alone,
Those worms would overturn thy throne.

Teach them—but not too sternly teach—
That each on all, and all on each,
Depend alike, for weal or woe,
Because the Lord hath will'd it so.

Oh, give thy toil-redeemer birth!
Let slaves be men! enfranchise earth!
Let commerce plough, unchain'd, the main,
That sinking hope may rise again!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 11.

Could Love divine, and boundless Might,
Bid sailless worlds plough seas of light,
That pride might gloat on servile forms?
And reptiles feast on angel-worms?

No. Let all lands exchange with all
The good which freights this foodfull ball;
Then will the strife of millions cease;
For Free Exchange is Peace! is Peace!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 12.

Star!—brightest far of all that beam
O'er nightly hill, on wood and stream!—
Fair is thy light o'er wilds afar,
And lovely is thy silence, Star!
How calm thou art! while forests rave,
And tempests wing the groaning wave.

What hand unseen hath rent thy shroud?
Black rolls on high the broken cloud:
Lo! Care walks here, with troubled eye,
To chase thee through the hurried sky!
Why? what art thou? A world, like this,
Of weeping toil, and fleeting bliss?

A world, where wretches curse their birth,
And whence they eye the bread-tax'd earth—

A star to them, as thou to me?
Then, frantic in their misery,
Wish they could mount the maneless wind,
To leave their woes and thee behind?

Oh, for my mother's wormy bed!
Would I were as the dust I tread!
That me no more might power enthrall,
And weave for hope a funeral pall!
Or lawless law, his helpless slave
Fling, shrieking, over rock and wave!

Then, gentle earth! to this sad heart
Envenom'd fangs no more would dart!
But oft, with many a cherished tear,
A form of grace might visit here;
And, oft bend o'er her poet's stone,
Like a torn willow all alone.

Star! would'st thou then make haste to streak
Through widowed locks, a wither'd cheek,
And on her forehead, once so fair,
In shadow, paint her faded hair?
Oh, for repose! my soul is press'd
Down, down to earth, and yearns for rest.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 13.

What means that mighty shadow
  Of horror, and of doom?
Oh, tells it now of ruin past?
  Or ruin yet to come?
It spreads its wings o'er humbled things,
  Most haughty once of all!
        With a frown, that shakes down
  Pride's greatness ere it fall,
Destroyers! lo, it beckons—lo!
  On you it seems to call!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 14.

Wrong not the labouring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellow-worms, ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

Oh, be not like the vapours, splendour-roll'd,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain, and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep;
Till, soothed to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 15.

Oh, better, thus, be lowly laid,
  Than live, with sorrow worn,
To say, while life's best visions fade,
  "The happy are unborn!"
Outliving all respect, to rue
Cold Rapine's scorn, and scorn it, too!
  Or pity, worse than scorn!
To find in every friend a foe!
And see affection fly from woe!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 16.

The locustry of Britain
Are gods beneath the skies;
They stamp the brave into the grave;
They feed on famine's sighs;
They blight all homes, they break all hearts,
Except alas, their own!
While a moan, and a groan,
That move th' Almighty's throne,
Bring angels tears in pity down,
And move the' Eternal throne!

The bread-taxry of England,
What awful powers they are!
They make a league with Want and Crime!
On plenty they wage war!
They curse the land, the winds, the seas;
Lord! have they conquer'd thee?
With a frown, looking down,
While they curse the land and sea,
They rival hell, and libel heav'n,
But have not vanquish'd thee.

CORN-LAW HYMN No. 17.

Lord! not for vengeance rave the wrong'd,
The withering hopes, the woes prolong'd!
Our cause is just, our Judge divine;
But judgment, God of all, is thine!
We call not on thy foes the doom
That scourged the proud of wretched Rome,
Who stole, for few, the lands of all,
To make all life a funeral.
But not in vain thy millions call
On thee, if thou art Lord of all;
And, by thy works, and by thy word,
Hark! millions cry for justice, Lord!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 18.

The gnat sings through its little day;
The tiniest weeds, how glad are they!
Man only lives, on tears and sighs,
A living death before he dies!

Yet while the tax-gorged lords of land
Blast toil's stout heart, and skill's right hand,
We curse not them who curse the soil;
We only ask for "leave to toil!"

For labour, food—to us our own;
For woven wool, a mutton bone;
A little rest, a little corn,
For weary man, to trouble born!

But not the sneer of them we feed!
Their workhouse graves! their chains for need!
The dying life of blighted flowers!
And early death for us and ours!

We only ask—to toil and eat!
But hungrier men with us compete;
For they who tax our bread and smile,
Deprive of bread our sister isle!

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 19.

Snail-slow to good, when mischief calls, ye haste,
Artificers of poverty and crime!

In worse than sloth your baleful days we waste,
And turn to bane God's best gifts—mind, and time

Does law-made robbery want a base defence?
O'er fraud and force a brother's cloak ye throw:
Does hors'd Corruption ride o'er Innocence?
Ye gild the blood-stain'd hoof that lays her low.

And reignest Thou, O God! while gods like these
Reverse thy laws, and mock thy slumbering ire,
Till the plagued state becomes one vast disease,
Whose horrid ulcers vomit blood and fire?

CORN-LAW HYMN, No. 20.

THE UNWRITTEN WORD.

Hast thou not spoken, God,
When wrongs unchain the slave,
And slaves make every sod
A slave's, or tyrant's grave?

Dost thou not speak to all,
When names, made bright by thee,
Blaze comet-like, and fall
From heaven to obloquy?

How like a trumpet's blast,
By thee in whirlwind blown,
Thy stern Napoleon pass'd
Through shrieks of states o'erthrown!

What crush'd him, disarray'd
When perish'd man and steed?
Thy outraged laws of trade!
They crush'd him, like a weed!

A voice of many sighs,
Woe's still small voice of doom,
Whisper'd!—and seas and skies
Sang, "Lo, the Island-Tomb!

For hosts, of many tongues,
That voice array'd in might;
A universe of wrongs
Arm'd wrongers for the Right.

But curs'd by battles won,
What learn'd they, triumph-taught?
That victory self-undone
Hath lost the fight unfought.

Napoeleon could not shake
What pigmies have o'erthrown!
Oh, outraged England, Wake!
Oh, Nature, claim thy own!

When shall we hear again
Thy still small whisper, God?
Oh, break the bondman's chain!
Uncurse the tax-plough'd sod!

If still thy name is love,
Be labour's son's thy care!
And from thy earth remove
The vermin all can spare!

Deaf reptiles! they devour
The honey, and the tree,
Root, branches, fruit, and flower;
But not our trust in thee!

JUVENILE POEMS.

TO

MISS SARAH AUSTIN,

"A Man in Counsel,"

I ADDRESS THESE POEMS OF MY YOUTH;

BECAUSE

MY MATURE YEARS HAVE PRODUCED NOTHING WHICH OUGHT TO INSPIRE ME WITH ANY OTHER FEELINGS THAN THOSE OF HUMILITY AND SHAME, IN THE PRESENCE OF HER GENIUS.

PREFACE.

I HAVE discovered among some old papers the first sketch of my first publication, "the Vernal Walk," written in my seventeenth year, and like all my early writings, except the very earliest—in my favourite measure, blank verse. It contains some poetry, stolen from Ossian and Thompson, and some theology, furnished by my learned friend, young Joseph Ramsbottom; but even as the work of a boy, it is bad, though better than the published poem, improved as it was, by my art of joinery, into a rather showy piece of patch-work, bombast, and common-place.

The tale is my first sustained effort in rhyme, and it shews, by the construction of the sentences, that its author had been accustomed to write blank verse only. It was first published many years ago, after having been improved, like "the Vernal Walk." It is now printed as originally written. All my local and domestic critics made it a butt for ridicule, before its publication; and it was frightfully castigated, on its first appearance in print, by one of the dispensers of public

praise and blame. Why, then, reprint it? Because it is endeared to me, by the persecution it has suffered. The idiot of the family is sometimes a favourite; and Byron doggedly wrote dramas, because he was told that he could not write them.

Of the following drama, perhaps, the less I say the better. Almost from my first acquaintance with Shakspeare, I determined to have a Hamlet of my own! "This determination," said a friend of mine who has been ten years in his grave, but whose letter is now before me, "would have been sufficiently ridiculous, even if I had not proceeded to draw impossible characters, actuated by motives scarcely human." But I deny that the characters are impossible, and that the motives are unnatural. Did not the prophet, Samuel, hunt, as with serpents, the last drop of the blood of Saul? And as to the improbability of the action, I have, at least, placed the scene in the infancy of time and of the arts, amid the ever-changing and recordless dynasties of the east.

THE VERNAL WALK.

Arising cheerful from the bed of rest,
Thee, first beheld, thee I salute, oh, sun,
And call thee image of the one supreme,
Who bade thy planets roll th' eternal course,
And gave them to thy sceptre, God of Fire!
Or shall I call thee—if I name thee may—
Fountain of Beauty! whence all living streams
Flow, listening to their own sweet music? Hail,
Soul of the system! shouldst thou cease to shine,
All life would die. When first thy beams awaked,
When first thou pour'dst the ocean of thy light,
Harmony sang in every ravish'd grove,
And young variety bade the wild winds
Scatter to th' ends of earth her rainbow hues.
Then, Lord of Nature, mov'd around thy throne
The seasons. Spring came earliest, songful spring,
Whose looks are melody. Rich summer next
Grasp'd in his hand thy garment's woven fire—
Then fruit-fed Autumn came, and wept to see
The many wrinkles on his withering hand.
Last, Winter cast a dark scowl on his clouds,
And curs'd thy splendour: thro' his hoary hair

Loudly, and through his venerable beard,
Hurried the angry blast, and blast-blown sleet.
But now Spring cometh, and the cuckoo's voice,
That ever follows, where she treads on flowers.
Hark! 'tis the hymn of nature. Love-taught birds
Salute with songs of gratulation sweet,
The sweet May morning. How harmoniously,
Over these meadows of the rising sun,
The music floats! Oh, Love! Love ever young!
On the soft bosom of the Spring reclin'd.
Nurse of the tender thought, and generous deed!
Thou com'st to bless thy children. Let me drink
Thy waters of elysium, and bless thee.
Oft have I pass'd yon cottage door at eve,
Where sat the swain, his daily labour done,
Nursing his little children on his knee,
And kissing them at times, while o'er him bent
His happy partner, smiling as she view'd
Her lisping babes: then have I bless'd thee, Love,
And fondly call'd thee, Fount of Social Peace!
What art thou, deathless, all-pervading power,
That like a meek, yet universal sun,
Through universal nature gently shin'st?
Art thou a ray from light's unclouded source?
An emanation of divinity?
No, thou art God, our God, th' Eternal One!
To thee I bow, Being all amiable,
On thee I call. Parent of every good,

Preserve me from the vices of the base,
And when I reach the dark and narrow house,
Let me have well deserv'd the good man's love!

Oh, what a miracle is Nature! Say,
Is it not strange that on this sterile rock
Such giant trees should grow, and fix so fast
That Winter's strongest tempests move them not?
See, how the twisting roots pursue each chink,
Enter each cleft, and tie their strong cords there!

How softly falls the shower! The beauteous bow
Bends in the west, where gladly weep the flowers.
Delightful season! how unlike art thou
To Winter, when he strides from storm to storm,
And through the deep-toned gloom, night's only star
With the winds raceth, as the heav'ns descend
Black! All is black, except that single star.
Far from his wife and children, on the steep
Where rock o'er rock projects, and o'er the sea
Hangs crown'd with moaning pine, the traveller
Stands toil-worn, pale, confounded. Nought he hears
But howlings of the savage blast, and shrieks
That sound athwart the waters. Nought he sees
But the stern outline of the shapeless hills,
Which when the lightning swallows up the gloom,
Stretch their mute vastness over half the sky.

Knew'st thou Matilda? Here the maiden dwelt,
And here the living lily droop'd and died,
Meekly and mutely as a voiceless shower.
So on the leaves of palmy sycamore
A dewdrop shines, and trembles, till it falls,
And all the fair transparency is lost.
Aye, but the breeze that through the church-yard grass
For ever rustles, still shall speak of her!
And her old father still weeps for his child,
Like an old thorn, o'er the snow-cover'd bank
Where bloom'd his violet in happier days.
Oh, Death and Sorrow! like the moon ye gild
The flowerless waste of life, then wing our thoughts
To regions of infinity of bliss.

The shower is past, the birds renew their songs,
And sweetly through its tears the landscape smiles:
So, o'er departed worth remembrance weeps.

Here on the right, in beauteous wildness tower
Root-girded rocks; and here the torrent foams;
Then murmurs sweetly, where it softly flows.
See, see! what rarest flowers here hide themselves!
Children of nature! let me dwell with you,
And talk with you a pensive botanist.
Oh, blest is he who dwells in scenes like this
Beside the winding streamlet, where the hills

Ascend in glory, with their ancient oaks.
Blest is the poet of the lonely wild,
The lonely bard of nature. He, to streams
Harmonious, he to sympathetic woods
Warbles his rustic song, nor feareth man,
But God alone, as stealing through the fields
Thoughtful, he raises to the Infinite
The voice of pure devotion. Hear my pray'r,
Eternal King of universal worlds!
Far from the crowded city let me dwell,
Bosom'd amid woods. Though selfish man
Pollute the earth; though rustic faith is gone;
Yet some green desert haply may escape
The wide spread desolation; still, perhaps,
Some silent valley with its sleepy rill,
May in the bosom of surrounding rocks
Smile arm'd horrors, like an ever-green
Half hid in snow, on winter's joyless waste.
Giver of Perfect Gifts! there let me dwell.

Who would not wander here? who would not here
Grow old in song? The poet, soul-refresh'd,
With glowing cheek, and eye uplift to heav'n,
Might look through nature here to nature's God.
Farewell, cold World, farewell! I flee to thee,
Oh, Nature! Hail, thou solitary vale!
And hither come, Imagination! Come,
And waft my soul to isles of poesy!

Come, come, Oh, come! come with thine eyes of light
That shine away the darkness of the soul!
Come, with thy heaving bosom, and thy hair
That streams like sunshine on the hollow wind!
And I will strike my lyre of rustic song,
And sing of all things that are frail and fair.
Here springs the odorous primrose; sweetly here
The orchard blooms; here bees are full of Spring.
The poet courts the violet as he strays;
But Winter cometh, and the flower is gone;
And then, saith he 'Tis faded.' Thus, Oh, Man,
Thou liv'st and diest. Strong is thy youthful frame;
But soon the feeble steps of age approach,
Follow'd by death. Even on thy new-made grave
Oblivion sits. The friends who knew thee once,
Know thee no more, no more. They yet survive
To send abroad the wildly wandering soul
In joyous thoughts. But thou sleep'st gloomily
The dreamless sleep; and ere the second spring,
Oh, mortal flower, shall call thee from thy grave,
To bloom in fairer fields, years, years of years,
Ages, ages of ages, with their deeds,
Shall pass away. Then from his throne of light,
Raised on the darkness of eternal storms,
God shall arise, and to heav'n's silence say,
'All is accomplish'd.' Christ shall then descend
Borne on his chariot of the elements,
That what its motion shakes the universe,

And rolls self-mov'd through spaces measureless,
Thought-swift, on wheels of thunder. Christ shall speak:
'Corruption, put on immortality.'
And Death shall hear him, and restore his dead.

Behold yon mountain! hoary son of time,
Elder than poesy! above the vale
He frowneth, vast and horrid. In his clefts
The humble flowret blooms, and stunted trees,
Twist on his crags. Around his gloomy sides,
Against his rugged head, the dash'd clouds break,
For oft day crowns him with a gloom like night.
What though th' ascent is steep, and rude the way?
Let us ascend the summit—and look down!
Around! above! to Him whose home is thought.

Behold a picture, by th' Eternal drawn!
Look to'ards the north, how lovely and how gay!
Look to'ards the south, how awful, how sublime!
Look all around! behold one boundless scene
Of beauty, wildness, and sublimity,
Bright in the beams of the descending sun.
Farewell, effulgent, world-reviving orb;
Still imitate thy Maker; still pursue
Thy course sublime, and bless revolving worlds,
Thou noblest likeness of the deity.

Oh, thou, that sway'st the boundless universe!
King of illimitable empire! hear
My trembling voice of praise. I know thou art;
But when my soul would raise her eyes to thee,
Vainly I try to grasp so vast a view;
For in thy half-revealed sublimity,
Holding the reins of universal rule
Thou sitt'st invisible upon the throne
Of universal nature, and behold'st
A vast immensity, fill'd by thyself.
Spirit of spirits! ere the eagle flew,
Ere the worm crawl'd, ere sang the love-taught wren,
Or man, erect, before thee stood and smil'd,
Thou had'st existed an eternity
Of thoughtful ages: ere there lived one soul
To worship thee, oh, God of Holiness!
Wrapt in incomprehensibility,
Pleas'd with self-contemplation, thou didst muse
In silence on thy own eternal thoughts.
Through all extent thou piercest; nothing is
Where thou art not; even in me thou dwell'st.
Thou mov'st the strings of mental melody
Which tune my soul to harmony and love.
Thou bid'st my fancy soar to realms of light,
Bid'st reason, holy reason, muse on thee,
And in thy works behold thee, thron'd o'er heights
And depths of glory inaccessible.
I, in the majesty of nature, see

The greatness of eternal majesty;
I in her smiling scenery behold
The bounteous smile of beauty infinite.
Thy goodness is unbounded, God of Love.
Here—or wherever Uncreated Light
Flames in the sea of ever-vital beams
World-peopled, as this vernal air with birds—
Father and God! thy sons shall worship thee.

SECOND NUPTIALS

Two hours ago,
The croaking crow
Return'd into the wood.
Thick night, above the melting snow,
Conceals the pouring cloud;
And Don bank-full, talks big and loud,
And swaggers with his flood.
No azure islands heav'n: no star
O'er Thryberg's grey oaks peeps afar,
Piercing the deluge of the sky,
Through which the blast wades drearily.
But on the hill side there is light;
And where its boughs the bare elm flings,

Deserted Mary's cottage rings
With dance, and song, and merriment.
Is this the widow's wedding night?
'Tis now ten years since William went
To fight the Yankees in despite,
Rather than stay at home and fight;
And past are six long months, or more,
Since Mathew Hall arriv'd, and told
That William's limbs lie stiff and cold
On Champlain's forest shore.
And does the widow wed again?
Oh, widowhood is weary pain,
The worst that can befall!
And loving him, as he loves her,
Say does she wed the messenger
Of good news, Mathew Hall?
Yes, joy laughs on the green hill's side;
And Mary is again a bride.

As wave on Canklow's forehead fair
Th' autumnal mapple's locks of gold,
In many a curl, her sunny hair
Above her flowing tears was roll'd.
Sad! and a bride? A mourning bride
She sate her new-espous'd beside,
And scarcely seem'd to heed or hear
The sounds that cheer'd all hearts around.
But when the music ceased to sound,

Said Mathew, then, unto his dear—
Soft-touching, with his finger's end
Her, who, ere while, was Mary Bray—
" How strange that my expected friend
Came not, to give the bride away!
What stays his coming, can'st thou say?"

" The flood," she answer'd, " is abroad,
And peril haunts the buried road.
The ferryman hath left his boat,
Which hath not, this day, earn'd a groat,
And now in Mexbro, with his wench
He fuddles o'er the alehouse bench."

" Yet," then said he, with looks of fear,
I would, I would, my friend were here!
For much indeed—now mark thou me!—
Imports his coming, love, to thee:
He is a man of mystery!
And come he will, or soon, or late,
To question thee with words of fate.
Tell him no lies, my loving mate!
For on thy answer's truth depend
The weal of husband, wife, and friend."

" Thou shalt be well obey'd," replied,
While faster stream'd her tears, the bride.
Then thus, once more, spake Matthew Hall:

" A wedding? or a funeral?
Weeping! and on thy wedding day?
Weeping! and still for William Bray?
Of this no more, no more, I pray!—
Ho! where is now the village Muse?
Is she to scare the pigs afraid?
A song! a song! nor man, nor maid
Who hopes to wed, to sing refuse.
But pensive Henry shall sing first,
The cross'd in love, the sorrow-nurs'd.
Harry, thou ne'er didst rightly pray
Till sulky Sarah jilted thee.
Religion, ancient sages say,
Religion, from the realms above,
Came down, to soothe the mourner, love;
And passion then was piety.
Indulge me Henry in my whim—
(Solemn th' occasion!) sing a hymn;
A hymn, a psalm, a—anything;
Ev'n call it what thou wilt—but sing!"

Pensive and pale, arose the youth,
The child of feeling and of truth,
And modestly, and yet with pride,
His ancient fiddle laid aside,
Which not its weight in gold could buy.
True, it was clumsy to the eye;
True, its dark side some flaws display'd;

Yet was there more than music in't,
For why? 'twas by his grandsire made,
The genius, fam'd so far and wide,
Th' inventor of the butter-print!
The worm of death was in his breast.
Sarah, the faithless, met his eye,
Which grief and mute reproach express'd;
Then, gazing, self-condemn'd, on earth,
She heav'd, or seem'd to heave, a sigh;
But Jacob came! and, in its birth,
The infant, frail repentance, died.
At first the Minstrel's voice was low,
As whisper'd prayers of fear or woe;
But soon, distinct, and deep, and clear,
The soul-felt accents met the ear,
Full of that fervour of the heart
Which bids all earthly toys depart,
Taught by calamity to scorn
All that of human pride is born.

THE REJECTED'S SONG.

Scarcely from Mary's cheek, where bliss
  In tears and blushes lay,
Had William kiss'd, with transport's kiss,
  Love's blissful tear away,
When, o'er her murder'd sister's bier,
He saw her shed a wilder tear.

Fast, fast, into the new-made grave,
Fast fell the blinding snow;
But Winter had not ceas'd to rave
O'er her who slept below,
When Mary mourn'd her William fled!
And then, she mourn'd her William dead!

Ah, life is but a tearful stream
On which floats joy, the flower;
Deeply we plunge, and rise, and scream,
And strive, with all our power,
To grasp the bright weeds gliding nigh,
And snatch, and miss, and sink, and die.

The young bride wept; the sister wept
Where Ann serenely sleeps;
The widow wept, when William slept;
The wedded widow weeps!
Ah! earth's frail love is woe, is woe!
Mary! thy sister found it so!

And not to soothe wild passion came
Religion from above:
Speak not, in scorn, her holy name;
Religion's self is love—
Love, with no poison in her kiss;
And, if she weeps, her tear is bliss.

Be still my heart! soon wilt thou be—
  Beneath thy mother's mould;
There is a bed of rest for thee,
  Where Ann reposes cold:
The turf sleeps sweetly on her breast;
And thou (but not like it,) shalt rest."

Applauded by the noiseless tear,
Although no plaudit met his ear,
Thus sang the meekest child of woe
The song his heart made years ago.
But inspirations sudden glow
Added a happy word or so.
His cheek, late pallid as the snow,
Now burn'd with feeling's hectic glow;
For death his banner there display'd,
Beautiful as a dying maid,
Or blushing merit in distress;
Or like the meek and splendourless
Rose—not the white one, but the pale—
That, with cheek carnation'd faintly,
Blushing sweetness chastely, saintly,
    Sigheth in the vale.

"My drooping Mary!" Matthew said,
"I like this lay of Harry's well;
'Tis sad, and true. But canst thou tell
What of the murderer, John, became?

Mary, I slew the accursed man,
The wretch, who kill'd thy sister Ann.
We met—'twas in the ranks of death—
With set teeth, and suspended breath;
On me the conscious traitor scowl'd;
On him my startled eye was rowl'd;
He rush'd to slay, but stopp'd aghast;
Through him my cranshing bayonet pass'd;
He shriek'd, and fell! with dreadful stare
He lay, and look'd a hopeless prayer.
I, shuddering, turn'd—I could not bear
To look upon his conscience there."

Then Matthew to his umber'd cheek,
Acquainted long with sun and wind,
Press'd drooping Mary's forehead meek,
And said, "Thou canst not be unkind:
Give us a ballad, I entreat,
Just like thy kiss, love, short and sweet."
She rose not from her Matthew's side,
But met his warm kiss, and complied.

THE BRIDE'S SONG,

The frost was crisping o'er the Don;
Along his banks stray'd Ann with John:
The moon look'd through the rustling firs
Her lover's hand was clasp'd in hers.
Oft' look'd he backward, as he talk'd;

To'ards Sprotbro's hazels slow they walk'd;
And o'er the valley, lone and low,
Dark frown'd the age of Conisbro.

"Tomorrow thou wilt wed me," said
The ill-starr'd maiden, half afraid:
"And when the rose and woodbine here
Shall blush through morning's dewy tear,
The unborn babe, begot in sin,
That, hapless, leaps my womb within,
Will smile on thee, and on thy bride,
And I will smile on him, with pride."

But she, alas, too well he knew,
Nor rose, nor woodbine more, should view!
And as she bent, his hand to kiss,
He aim'd a blow, and did not miss,
But plung'd his knife into her side,
And whelm'd her, shrieking, in the tide:
Then, as with lightning wing'd, fled he,
To join the Yankees o'er the sea.

Where the torn heart is laid at rest,
No rose is withering on her breast,
No lily, in her hand of snow,
Pale emblem of her sex and woe:
But, sister Ann! thy woes are o'er;
Thy last dark wound will bleed no more:

Short was thy path, and strew'd with pain—
But, Sister, we shall meet again.

She ceas'd, but not the flowing tear,
And there were many weepers near.
What Matthew felt he would not own,
But cough'd, to keep the woman down;
Then rose, and from the room withdrew,
While Mary blush'd love's sweetest hue,
And, like a daisy bent with dew,
Look'd, in confusion, on the ground.
Fast then the brimful horn went round.
Who miss'd the bridegroom, but the bride?
Deep drank the the guests! she sate, and sigh'd
An hour had pass'd! he came not back:
She writhed on torture's mental rack;
Then, to the window, sad she drew,
And, hid behind the curtain blue,
Look'd out into the dismal night.
Gone was the universal white;
Wild heav'n with hurrying clouds was spread;
And through the darkness rush'd the light
Oft', as the wan moon, overhead,
Like murder, chas'd by conscience, fled;
And—as the smiles of maidens dead,
That mock the mute and stainless shroud—
Beautiful was th' illumined cloud;
And—as a maniac bends aghast,

Smiting his clench'd hands high and fast –
Did many a huge tree, in the blast
Wave, crashing loud, his branches vast,
Between her and the light.
Afar, she saw the river deep,
And Mexbro, by his side, asleep.
The vollied rain had ceas'd to pour;
But all the snow was in the stream,
Roaring beneath the fitful beam.
Then o'er her heart chill terror crept,
And fancy, pale enthusiast, wept.
" Did Matthew, on that dangerous shore,
Seek him, the man mystery ?
But little good bodes he to me.
Ah, ne'er be that thought realized !
Wedded in vain, and vainly priz'd,
Deep lies my husband, drown'd ?"
She look'd around ;
And some one mov'd, or seem'd to move,
Between the house and grove.
On tiptoe stood the dame!
But o'er the moon, like envy, came
A cloud, that shrouded her in woe.
The door flew open; lo!
A stranger enter'd! " Matthew? No!"
With clench'd hands, and retracted form,
Like a tree bent beneath the storm,
Apall'd, she stood,

While spake in sullen mood,
That age-bent stranger—bent, yet tall—
With spade-like beard of reddish grey:
"Where is thy husband, Matthew Hall?"
The bride, who scarce knew what to say,
Whisper'd her heart, "Now comes the end."
Then spoke: "Art thou my husband's friend?"

"I am," quoth he, with alter'd tone,
"His constant, best, and only one."

Then to the stranger Jacob brought
The punch he lov'd; and, at a draught,
The old man drain'd the vase of bliss.
"What emptiness in this world is!"
Sigh'd Jacob, as, with drowthy scowl,
He eyed the empty bowl:
"My thirsty friend! thou canst, I see,
Make with thy old acquaintance free.
I hope thou wilt, to bless our ears,
And melt our souls in music's tears,
Honour the wedding with a song,
Sad as thy phiz, but so long."

The reverend man his wrath controll'd,
And answer'd calmly: "Though I'm old,
I still have music in my soul."
And wonder soon, in Mary's face,
Hearken'd his deep and mellow base.

THE STRANGER'S SONG.

'When Bill left Mary, o'er the seas
He sail'd so long, and sail'd so far,
That not a sixpence he could squeeze
Between his nose and yonder star.

'But o'er the mast, that had got fast
Hook'd on the moon's depending horn,
He heard strange voices in the blast
Pronounce his name with boisterous scorn.

'So westward up he look'd, and, lo,
The blue of heaven turn'd sickly pale,
And, west by north, he heard and saw
Nine comets, all tied tail to tail.

'And they all laugh'd, and every one
Sang, "Will, go home, go home for shame,
For Matthew Hall, a tailor, 's gone
To woo and wed thy sulky dame."

'Then all the comets, loos'd their tails,
While William shed the briny tear,
Unhook'd his mast, let drop his sails,
And tack'd for Goole, to bless thee here.'

He ceas'd. The bride, perturb'd, amaz'd,

Still on the age-bent stranger gaz'd,
And felt his accents in her soul.
But soon his gloom became a scowl,
And, "Tell, and truly tell," he cried,
"Why thy first husband left thy side,
And why a worse by far than he
Hath wedded thine apostacy?"

She trembled at the accents deep
In which some marvel seem'd to keep,
And said, "I am indeed bereft
Of him I lov'd! by why he left
His faithful Mary, who shall tell?
Oh, still I love him, still too well!
Yet once, I own, I knock'd him down;
But then, beneath my very nose,
He wink'd at the sly gipsy, Rose,
Who always hankering after fellows,
Thinks all their wives of her are jealous;
And that a burst nose, or black eye,
To make a loving husband fly
Is cause sufficient, I deny!
And thee to prove it such defy!
And would do, wert thou ten feet high!
I scarcely know why mine left me;
And oft I beg, on bended knee,
Heaven's pardon for th' unconscious crime.
Oh, slowly pass'd the heavy time!

At last, when gone were ten sad years,
A stranger found me in my tears,
And told me that, on Champlain's side,
William, my heart's own William, died!
He saw, the stranger saw, and tried
To soothe, with words, my heart's despair.
He was not, like my William, fair;
But, underneath a brow of care,
His umber'd cheek was manly brown;
And, o'er his woe-worn features thrown,
Oft' pass'd a rapid smile and wild—
The sweetness of a dreaming child,
Mix'd with a warrior's majesty.
And he had been my William's friend,
E'en to his journey's end;
Together had they roam'd the woods,
And cross'd the dread Columbian floods;
Together had they fought and fled,
On Champlain's side together bled;
And there he saw my William die.
With throbbing heart, and flowing eye,
I lov'd, I deeply lov'd to hear
The stranger talk of one so dear,
Of William's fondness, William's fate,
And late repentance, ah, too late!
He named me, with his dying breath!
He bless'd me, in the arms of death!
This lock is all he could bequeath

To her who—oh, those tears of thine,
Old man, already pardon mine!
And welcome still the stranger came,
And oft in dreams I sighed his name;
He was to me even as a brother!
And still the oft' told tale was sweet,
For still would he the tale repeat;
And, while our tears in concert stream'd,
I mourn'd my husband—so I dream'd,—
I mourn'd him—till I lov'd another!
But could my earliest love return,
My William, whom I still will mourn,
I would for him renounce."—she si;h'd—
" Mathew, and all the world beside."

" Renounce him then, at once, for me!"
Exclaimed that man of mystery.
" Dost not thou know me, woman, say?
Behold thy husband, William Bray!"
And round her neck his arms he threw,
And cried, " What now? Why this ado?"
But she cuff'd, kick'd, and bawl'd, " Away!
Off, dotard, off! or thou shalt rue
My biting tooth, and tearing nail."
Then glowr'd she—neither pleased nor civil—
Like one who thinks he sees the divil,
And knows him by his horns and tail.
" Thou?—thou my husband, William Bray?

Why thou art, as a badger, grey!"
Quoth he, "I am, and well I may;
I have been absent, many a day."
"But" shrilly yell'd she in dismay,
"Thou art as ugly as thou'rt grey,
With whiskers red, as reynard's tail,
And square beard, like a windmill sail.
Why dost thou still, so goat-like, eye me?
Thou William?—Devil, I defy thee."

She said, and cross'd herself, in fear,
And surely thought a fiend was near,
Yet, trembling, hoped, when doubts came o'er her,
It was the devil that stood before her!

Then grinn'd the sage a knowing grin;
And she to bear suspense unable,
Rush'd, to assault him, o'er the table.
His bones all shook his hide within!
For, in a second, the she-dragon
Had scarcely left her guest a rag on.
And first the long beard left his chin;
Then fell to earth his cloak so big,
His cat-skin cap, his worsted wig;
And Mary, on the man she wanted,
Stared, like a wizard, self-enchanted!
He stoop'd no more, like toothless eighty
Beneath his load of sorrows weighty,

But stood before her, strait and young;
And locks of cluster'd darkness hung
In clouds above his martial brow,
While love laugh'd on his lips below.
" Twice—wedded widow ! do not bawl—
Twice woo'd ! twice won ! turn not away—
Behold thy husband, Mathew Hall !
Behold thy husband, William Bray !
Oh, then most constant when untrue !
Forgiveness is contrition's due.
Oh, dearest, and in trouble tried !
Receive me to thy faithful side !
Forgive ! and I will quit thee never,
But spurn all falsehood ! yea, for ever
Cast o'er thy faults affection's mist,
And humbly kiss thy gentle fist."

She hung upon his bosom—weak ;
She look'd the love she could not speak.
He smiled the rose back to her cheek:
" Thou fond and full heart ! do not break."
He seal'd with kisses warm her lips :
And—as the half-flying red-breast sips
A dew-drop from the lily's breast,
Then, perching on it, trills his song—
So kiss'd he off her tears, to rest
Soothing the heart-throb, tortured long.
A fairy, shod with gossamer,

Joy, unexpected, came to her,
For past woe to atone.
Her lips lay on his neck embraced;
As if an angel's glance had chas'd
Her troubles, they were gone.

So all said what they had to say;
And all shook hands with William Bray,
Save Jacob, who, in drink profound,
Lay stretch'd out huge along the ground.
To earth, and earth's love reconciled,
The broken heart of Henry smiled,
Through tears, like those which saints in heaven
Shed to behold a foe forgiven.
It was, indeed, a glorious wedding!
So, many stay'd, to see the bedding,
And learnedly the learn'd have shown,
The stocking, then, was duly thrown:
And ancient Night relax'd her brow,
And fid'ged, and felt she knew not how,
While with her grey tongue's watery tip
She lick'd her greenish gums and lip;
And clapp'd her glasses on her nose,
Right loath a sight o' th' fun to lose;
And stoop'd, and star'd with twinkling eye,
And crisp'd with smiles her cheek awry,
Like an old dishclout laid to dry;
And squeezed her thumb, with gripe uncouth,

And broke her blue and only tooth ;
Then thought, like many a matron staid,
Of many a prank that love had play'd,
In times gone by, beneath her shade;
Forgot her crutch, her age, her pain,
And liv'd her young years o'er again.

TAURASSDES:

A Melo-Drama.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Shore of the Caspian Sea.*

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. I strangely like to be alone of late,
And linger idly in such scenes as this;
But I must hasten onward, and conclude
My journey with the sun, that I may meet
Her whom my soul in secrecy adores—
How vainly! Yes, I am become a trifler.
Where now are the high hopes that once were mine?
The dream, if dream it were, that once aroused me?
Still, in my heart, at times I hear the echo
Of that soft voice, which oft spake words like these:
'Poor little slumberer! thou art not like millions,
Who toil in rags for death, a child of want.
Thou should'st be, wilt be great.' So said my mother
A hundred times, nor deem'd that sleep would hear,
Or boyhood hold in memory words so spoken.
But this is trifling, too. Oh, for a rill!
These rocks are fountainless, and yon salt waves

Mock my parch'd lips. No trace of man is near,
Save yonder ruin'd pile; but though the valley
Seems houseless, 'tis not manless; the dark ruin
Hath one inhabitant: what may he be?
He sees me, and approaches.—I have heard
My mother say, that in King Acbar's reign
A dismal deed was perpetrated here:
The victim found a cold grave in the Caspian.—
Who is this man? I care not—I am arm'd.

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Beautiful Iran! Land of blasted hopes,
Calm in despair! My country! Oh, thou should'st
Have been bright as thy clime, and brightening still
With knowledge, and still pouring from thy heart
Rivers of light, to gladden farthest lands;
Thou should'st have been—not what thou art, and wilt be.
Mother of Nations! what thou art we see;
But what I would have made thee, who shall tell?
My purpose all forget, or none forgive.

Iskander. The old man, if not gay, is talkative.—
Peace, reverend sire, be with thee. I am here
A pilgrim and a stranger, travel-worn
And weary. Thou, perchance, inhabit'st here;
If so, I pray thee, lead me to the nearest
Stream, for I thirst.

Taurassdes (falls at Iskander's feet). Let the earth swallow me.

Iskander. But not me yet. I do not like these tricks,
Nor will they serve thee. Rise.

Taurassdes. Not unforgiven.
Here will I lie, and at thy feet expire,
Or rise forgiv'n. Forgive me! let me purchase
Forgiveness by avenging thee.

Iskander. Me?

Taurassdes. Thee,
My injured prince! thee, son of royal Acbar,
My murder'd King!

Iskander. Murder'd? And I his son!

Taurassdes. By my contrivance died the king thy father,
Great Acbar. Let me make to sire and son
Atonement! let me lift thee to the throne
Of Iran, where a base usurper sits:
Strike there! and dash him thence, into the grave
That hungers for him.

Iskander. Raves he? or I dream.

[*Exit* TAURASSDES.

Where is he? Was he here? Am I not waking?
Wonderful! Surely at my feet he kneel'd,
And spake of unimaginable things.—
Is he a robber, gone to rouse his band?
His purpose must be evil. Still 'tis most
Mysterious!—so are all suspicious things.

[*Exit* ISKANDER.

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Elmasaide.* ZOROADER, IDONEA, *and* AIJILEBE.

Idonea. Thy truant comes not yet, my Aijilebe.

Aijilebe. My truant?

Idonea. Yes, Iskander.

Zoroader. And why comes not
Iskander. He, ere while, was little wont
To pay a slow obedience to the fair;
And if a morn so bright as this, and eyes
So bright as thine, young Aijilebe, are powerless
To call him from dull slumber, he is dead.

Aijilebe. His spirit is.

Idonea. But wherefore does he droop?
Why, gayest of the very gay before,
Is he now sad, as joyless widowhood?
Still o'er his soul the cloud of sorrow deepens.
On his care-furrow'd brow reflection seems
To droop o'er-wearied; in his fading eyes
Trouble looks mournfully though tears restrain'd.

Aijilebe. And oft he stops, and stands, thus, fixedly;
Like one who gazes on the dead, in silence
Bent o'er th' unmoving features, till he seems
The statue of a corpse, in horror pale;
Then starts he at his own deep sigh, and weeps.

Zoroader. What fair magician, tell me, Aijilebe,
Hath wrought this transformation in our friend?
What ice-cold frown of cruel beauty was it
That bleached upon his passion-faded cheek

So fresh a rose to paleness? Bid th' enchantress
Restore him to himself.—She blushes crimson;
'Tis as I thought.—Nay, wherefore blushest thou?
Did I accuse thee, Witch?

Aijilebe. Sir, if I blush,
I know not why.

Zoroader. Sweet as thy blushes, smile
On his despair, and change him with a glance.

Aijilebe. Your highness flatters me, I have no power—
See where he comes, with down-drawn brow, like one
Who having treasures hidden in the earth,
Instinctively looks earthward.

Zoroader. He is dreaming.

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. Yes, I remember: I was then a stripling.
A stranger took my boyish hand, and said,
The time will come when this unnoticed lad
Will kick a dust up in the wondering world;
And some, who now are lofty, will be fain
To take their seats beneath him.

Zoroader. Hail, and welcome,
Knight of the phiz that sours the ripen'd grape!

Iskander. I am indeed an instrument untuned.
I plague my friends with my unhappiness.
My spirits want repose: awhile from court
Permit me to withdraw.

Zoroader. Ask ought but that.

Iskander. 'Tis now long since I saw my aged mother.
Let her not deem that I forget my mother,
And that the flatteries of prosperity
Have robb'd *me*, too, of nature's sweetest feelings.
Zoroader. I can deny thee nothing. But thou choosest
Thy time unhappily. Thou, who hast been
A wooing with me—
Iskander. *(Aside.)* Ah, that fatal courtship!
Zoroader. And from the first, through my whole course of love
Hast been my confidant, and courted for me—
Iskander. *(Aside.)* To my own ruin.
Zoroader. Wilt rejoice to know
The consummation of my happiness.
Idonea hath—
Iskander. I know it *(To Aijilebe)*. Why so pale?
Zoroader. Idonea hath consented to our union.
Iskander. Well, well—I know it.
Zoroader. Let it not offend thee.
Iskander. Excuse me. The tir'd soul, sick of itself—
Zoroader. Well. But return, and give away the bride.
Iskander. *(Aside.)* The Bride?
Idonea. Nay, *I* insist upon it.
Zoroader. Go then,

Iskander. To your highness
My debt is infinite—
Idonea. What ails that heart
Which seeking cure, yet flies the remedy?
Zoroader. We have discovered—
Iskander. What?—Believe it not.
Zoroader. We have discovered what thine ailment is.
Know we the fair enchantress who hath wrought
This transformation in the man of laughter?
Idonea. What hast thou there? A flower?
Iskander. A violet.
Torn from the breast where only it could live,
Divorced for ever, see, it droops already.
But I will place it—*(to Aijilebe.)* Lady, with permission—
On a much fairer, yet a colder bosom. *(He places the flower on her breast.)*
Here let it wither. [*Exit* ISKANDER.
Zoroader. 'Tis indubitable.
Lady, thy dart hath pierc'd him; he is thine.
Aijilebe. It is not so.
Idonea. I think it is so, Cousin.
Aijilebe. He is not gone? He did not say farewell.
[IDONEA *whispers* AIJILEBE, *who goes out.*
Idonea. Yes, he is gone. But he hath left with me
A portion of his sadness. Is he gone?
A meritorious man, modest as worthy.
Wise, and so young!—His origin was humble?

Zoroader. Merit is of no rank.

Idonea. And I have heard,
That circumstances of strange mystery
Involve his birth.

Zoroader. I never heard of that.

Enter ELMASAIDE.

Elmasaide. A messenger from court—Alas, my prince,
Thy royal father on his death-bed lies!

Zoroader. Where is the messenger?
Farewell, my love
My ever dearest!

[*Exit* ZOROADER, *preceded by* ELMASAIDE.

Idonea. Seljuk on his death-bed!

Re-enter ELMASAIDE.

Elmasaide. So! drooping now? What ails my royal daughter?

Idonea. Alas! unhappy news!

Elmasaide. Unhappy nonsense!
How narrow are thy thoughts, Idonea!

Idonea. Narrow?
What canst thou mean?

Elmasaide. That when the father dies,
The son succeeds him; that thy destined husband
Will be a king; that all who dared to look
On Elmasaide with scorn, shall soon feel her's,
And tremble in their torture.

Idonea. Oh, thy thoughts
Are narrow!—Would he were mine equal only!

'He will be king!' Why that is what I fear.
Can he, who sways a sceptre, condescend
To love a simple maiden, whose warm heart
Is all she hath to weigh against the crown?

Elmasaide. Thou art a fool. But thou, perchance, wilt thrive,
For fools have luck; I therefore, will not chide thee.
Truly, my daughter, thou art much untaught
In this world's wisdom.

Idonea. I am more unwilling
To learn what I contemn. Fools are like rocks,
Not only barren, but uncultivable.

[*Exit* IDONEA, *and* ELMASAIDE.

Re-enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. Go, thou most lov'd! Go! Angel!—but thy image
Will not depart from me. Oh, that it would!
But sick hearts build an altar to themselves,
And, pining, worship, till long-lingering death
Finds the wan votary a lifeless one.
The happy are the free. This slavery,
Although we call it love, is bondage still;
And, of all chains, the silken one galls most.
Where shall the heart love-stricken find a cure?
In absence, *only* absence. Oh, Idonea,
Would I had never seen thee! Too, too long
I drank the poison of thy smiles, unknowing
That it was poison; then, a willing victim,
I lov'd to linger on the precipice,

After I well knew what a gulph below
Yawn'd to entomb my peace; until, at last,
'Tis like the dire divorce of death itself
To tear myself away. I leave my soul
Behind me, as I quit the court, to conquer
This hopeless passion, or return no more.

Re-enter AIJILEBE.

Aijilebe. Return no more? Thou canst not mean so.

Iskander. Ha!

Aijilebe. Can it be true? and do we part for ever?

Iskander. (Aside.) I must dissemble with her, and indulge her
In erring supposition, to discover
What she hath listen'd to, and whether that
Which I would hide from all, that which I tremble
To whisper to myself. She shall believe
I spoke of her.

Aijilebe. Then wherefore didst thou promise,
Dissembler! to return? Did I not hear thee
Say to his highness, that thou wouldst attend
His nuptials?

Iskander. Said I so? Why, what have I
To do with nuptials? No love smiles on me;
No lady sighs for *me*; *I* sigh, 'tis true,
And not in vain, for when I sigh ye laugh;
Mine, therefore, are most useful sighs, producing
Merriment.

Aijilebe. Ye are *all* dissemblers.

Iskander. All?
So are not ye, at least not all. Some of you
Have faces of deceit so legible
That babes might read them; dangerless deluders,
Who but deceive themselves; not such the looks
Where truth seems written in the lines of beauty;
Dissimulation there is perilous.
Canst thou dissemble?
Aijilebe. No.
Iskander. I will remember
That so thou saidst. And thou shalt prove thy truth.
Wilt thou then welcome me, on my return,
As one whom thou hadst never seen before?
With a heart, warm as ice in sunbeams;
Aijilebe. Fie!
Why speak'st thou thus?
Iskander. Should we not speak the truth?
I would not for a thousand smiles deceive thee.
Pledged Aijilebe, I will, I will return,
To prove—what needs no proof—that thou wast born
Of woman.
Aijilebe. Wast not thou?
Iskander. Do not forget me
Before the next new moon. Till then farewell.
[*Exit* ISKANDER.
Aijilebe. Ah, too, too light, for true love's hearted throne
Art thou, Iskander. Yet they say he loves me;
And why should that be said which is not true;

To worthy minds, there is no miracle
So strange as falsehood. Is he then so blind
As not to see his conquest? If I dream,
Let me dream on! Oh, if my wish is hopeless,
Ne'er may I wake, to curse reality!—
But for these blushes, I would tell him all,
And chase his doubts away. Why may I not?

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.* SELJUK *on his death-bed.*

Enter TAURASSDES.

Seljuk. My son? Come near. Thine absence hath seem'd long.—
Ha! Thou? Why com'st thou?

Taurassdes. Am I unexpected?
Unwelcome, too, it seems.

Seljuk. The hand of death
Is on me; and thy presence to my soul
Recalls a deed, 'tis vain to wish undone.
Oh, that it were undone!

Taurassdes. Better undone
Than poorly done.

Seljuk. How? Did I not too well
Obey thee?

Taurassdes. Wretch, I bade thee, with thy own,
Thy own hand, slay the usurper and his child.
But what didst thou? Thy coward soul employ'd
A hireling stabber, who destroy'd the father,

And spared the child. That child, a child no more,
Lives; to bereave thy son of life, he lives.

Seljuk. Oh, do not torture me in my last moments!
How know'st thou this?

Taurassdes. Suffice it that I know it. The youth lives,
To wear Iskander's crown. Dotard! for what
Didst thou become a murderer, black as hell?

Seljuk. Oh, spare me, stern tormentor, spare my weakness!
I touch death's garments with my trembling hands.

Taurassdes. Why should the soul of a brave man consent
To use a paltry instrument like thee?
I spare thee? *thee?* who sparest not thy own!
Thee, whom I hate?

Seljuk. But why dost thou hate me?

Taurassdes. As I hate every drop of Acbar's blood,
So hate I thee, for Acbar was thy sire;
Acbar, who won thy mother to his lust,
When but a slender youth, burning to feed
On loveliness forbidden. Hast thou not
A third fair brother?

Seljuk. No.

Taurassdes. Then whisperers lie.
Nay, slander says, ye have a sister, too:
And other sisters, born of other mothers.
Who doubts the womanhood of Elmasaide?
Or that Idonea is Idonea's father's child?

No matter. But the assassin whom thou hired'st,
When he slew Acbar murdered his own father.
Think not that I am wroth because Iskander
Escaped with life. I had not seen him then,
And in his features curs'd his mother's smile:
Full worthy may he prove, and undegenerate.—
Believe my hate, Seljuk! thy hour is come.
Die! close thine eyes on life and royalty!
Soon shall ye all be dwellers with the worm.
The dynasty of Acbar is extinguish'd.

[*Exit* TAURASSDES.

Seljuk. Stay! tell me! whence thy dreadful knowledge?—Gone?
Inscrutable, avenging, awful heav'n,

Enter ZOROADER.

Protect my son!—Wilt thou then answer me?—
My son! Zoroader! is it thou, my son?
At length thou com'st—I see thee ere I die.—
Didst thou not meet him?

Zoroader. Whom?

Seljuk. Him, the mysterious!
Him, the terrific! him, the usherless!
Him, the unhomed! Didst thou not meet him?

Zoroader. Whom?

Seljuk. Alas, thou know'st not!—Saw'st thou no one?

Zoroader. No one.

Seljuk. God, pardon me my sins, and punish not
The innocent for me!

Zoroader. His mind is sickly,
And talks with shadows.
Seljuk. 'Tis not so, my son.
For thee I feel, at this tremendous moment,
What language cannot speak. Thou wouldst abhor me,
Were I to tell thee by what bloody means
I gain'd the crown, that all-uneasy sate
Upon my brow, while envy weigh'd my deeds,
And shrewd suspicion lurk'd behind my throne,
To look me through unseen.—After my death,
(Which is at hand,) if thou shalt reign, Remember—
That I, for I thy sake, oh, my son, became
A sinner, never, never to be pardon'd!
And let thy righteous deeds be some atonement
For my unequall'd guilt.
Zoroader. He is delirious.
I will call aid.
Seljuk. I pray thee, do not so.
Moments are precious now. Son, my delirium
Is fear for thee. I tremble for thee, Son.
Thou claspest to thy breast the venomous serpent
Doom'd to destroy thee, and play'st fondly with it.
Solemnly promise me, thou wilt obey
My last injunction, and distrust Iskander.

[SELJUK *dies.*

Zoroader. Distrust Iskander! Why? oh, tell me why?—

Oh, wherefore? Speak!—No answer?—Speak, I charge thee!—
Silent? All still!—Help!—Oh, my God!—Who waits?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cottage of* VERANIA. *Enter* HORMISDA, *cautiously.*

Hormisda Verania! Hist! Art thou alone? Verania!

Enter VERANIA *from the Cottage.*

Verania. Alone? When am I otherwise! Come in.

Hormisda. I will speak with thee here.

Verania. What ails thee, Man?
How is it with thee?

Hormisda. Hear'st thou? Hush! Who comes?

Verania. Nobody. Why? What fear'st thou?

Hormisda. My own shadow.

Verania. Expect'st thou some one?

Hormisda. Have I not been sought?

Verania. Sought? No. By whom?

Hormisda. My own heart's beat alarms me.
But I would ask a question. Hast thou lately
Heard from Iskander?

Verania. He forgets his mother.

Hormisda. His *mother?*

Verania. And why not, Sir?

Hormisda. Hadst thou borne him
Thou couldst not love him better than thou dost.

Verania. What wouldst thou here with me?

Hormisda. Am I not homeless?
Even my wife doth curse me from her sight.
I will no longer tremble at the leaf
Which, rustling when the harmless worm slinks down
Beside my bed of moss, chaseth away
My troubled sleep: I start awake, and miss
The hangman of my dreams! I will not bear it.

Verania. What wilt thou do? Thou dar'st not hang thyself,

Hormisda. I will buy death or safety with confession.
I will go instantly to court, and there—

Verania. Madman! what there?

Hormisda. I will inform Iskander
Who he is, wherefore as he is, and bid him
Be what he should be. Thus will I address him
'I slew thy sire; but he who hired the blow
Wields there thy sceptre.' Hark! they come?

Verania. Who come?
'Tis but a weary traveller.

Hormisda. A spy.
For me he comes. Where shall I hide?

Verania. Within.

Hormisda. Aye, in the trap. What, catch old birds with chaff?
Ah, crone, thou hast betray'd me, [*Exit* HORMISDA.

Verania. I? (*Enter* ISKANDER.) God rest thee,
Pilgrim, thou seemest tir'd.

Iskander. I am indeed.
Let me awhile repose my wearied limbs,
For I have travell'd far.

Verania. Gladly. Enter, good Sir.

[*Exit* VERANIA *into the Cottage.*

Iskander. She does not know me in my close disguise.
I will an hour retain it, and postpone
Happiness, only to enjoy it more.
Poor, poor man's hut! mean cottage of my birth!
Oh, thou art worth a thousand palaces.

[*Exit* ISKANDER *into the house.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Cottage of* VERANIA. ISKANDER *seated at a table with a taper burning before him.*

Iskander. But if 'twere true—and stranger truths have been—
I were not then the inferior, I were then
The better match. But how should it be true?
Things more improbable have come to pass.
A cloud, a mystery hangs upon my birth;
And I have ever spurn'd instinctively
My servile state, the curse of accident.
Proud is my heart; perchance, ambitious, too:
But would I for ambition barter peace?
No. But, Idonea, I would barter life
Itself for thee. I am but a plebeian;
But or an Iskander—call Zoroader peasant—

And heavier than its weight the jewel'd bauble
Will weigh against him in the scales of woman.
Ye come upon me, and I entertain ye;
But be ye only thoughts; unacted ever.

Enter TAURASSDES.

Me too wouldst thou assassinate? Avaunt!
I am not here defenceless, though alone.

Taurassdes. There spoke the son of Acbar.

Iskander (Aside). Still the son of Acbar.

Taurassdes. But thy fears are groundless. Else,
Wert thou surrounded by ten thousand guards,
Bulwark'd with steel, and cased in adamant—
What tell'st thou me, poor Insect! of defence?
Man never is defended from his fate.

Iskander. Wert thou the minister of Fate itself—

Taurassdes. What if I am? Man of high destination!
Be worthy of thy fate. Rise from this trance,
This worse than slumber of the torpid soul.
Rise! Seljuk is no more.

Iskander. Zoroader lives.

Taurassdes. And thou to say it. Let it not be said
After tomorrow, if thou art a man.
Assert thy right, avenge thy father, dash
The usurper from his blood-stained throne—and reign!

Iskander. What is 't to me, if Seljuk is no more?
What gain I by thy tidings? Was I not
Well? Am I better?

Taurassdes (Apart). Yearning for revenge,
And dark in darkness, Acbar's spirit frowns
In scorn and anger on his soul-less son;
Indignant and tremendous he uplifts
His shadowy arm, and laughs with rage and grief.

Iskander. What dost thou mutter? thou didst speak of Acbar.

Taurassdes. What puling youth, what slave that licks his bonds,
Usurps, degrades, the form of Acbar's son?

Iskander. Zoroader is my friend and benefactor,

Taurassdes. And, therefore, on the son of him who slew
Thy father, thou bestow'st thy throne, thy love,
The worshipp'd vision of thy glowing heart,
'Tis very friendly.

Iskander. Powers of good be near us!

Taurassdes. Thou lov'st, and wouldst possess; deny it not,
But seek the means. Fate weds her to the *crown:*
Think not she weds Zoroader, but the *crown.*
Uncrown'd, Idonea never can be thine.
And dost thou hesitate?

Iskander. Ah, who art thou
To whom no place is privileged, no darkness
Inscrutable? to whose all-piercing glance
The secret heart, with every thought, is bare,
Each weakness, yea, the cherish'd sin, which man
To none communicates, no, not to Heav'n!—
Say, who art thou?

Taurassdes. Degrader of thy rank!
Unworthy of thy destiny! Oh, would
Thou couldst avoid it, and transfer to some
Strength-sinew'd carle, stark from the fields of toil,
That crown, that glory, which thou must receive,
Yet (Slave!) dar'st not enjoy!—Art thou a man?
Up, then, and strike for empire, and for vengeance,
Idonea, and the crown.—He hesitates.

[*Exit* TAURASSDES. *Loud knocking without.*

Iskander. Who's there? Who—Gone?
Mysterious Heav'n!

Verania (Without). Son, who is with thee?

[*He opens the door.*

Enter VERANIA.

Verania. No one here?—What voices
Aroused me from my dreams?

Iskander (Presenting a dagger to her breast)
Truth or the shroud!
Choose!—Who am *I?*

Verania. Who thou? Who shouldst thou be?
Who but my son?

Iskander. Art thou so ready, *Mother!*
Thou'rt quick of apprehension. Hadst thou studied
The question ere 'twas ask'd. 'Who but my son!'
'Tis well replied. Thou choosest death then?

Verania. Strike!
Hast thou the heart?

Iskander. Why should I not have? Wherefore

Should I respect, in any shape, base fraud,
Which is in thine the uglier for its mask?
Verania. Wretch! wouldst thou pierce the breast
that was thy pillow?
Thy friendless and all-orphan'd infancy
Was cradled in these arms; and wilt thou kill me?
This bosom gave thee milk.
Iskander. Have I then said
That thou wast not my *nurse?*—*All*-orphan'd in-
fancy!—
Too cunning to be wise, still thou persisteth
In base deception. Well: Am I to blame,
If, rather than speak truth, thou choosest death?
Verania. Hold! Mercy! Let me breathe a mo
ment. All
I will divulge, I will hide nothing.—But
Still call me mother, as thy mother love me.
Iskander. Art thou then not my mother.
Verania. I am childless,
The widow of sad nuptials, death—unchilded.
Iskander. And not my mother.
Verania. 'Twill be told, that tale
Of mystery and horror.—Injur'd Prince!
Iskander. Prince!
Verania. Bribed by Seljuk—
Iskander. Seljuk! Heav'n and Earth!
Verania. My husband (whom God pardon!) with
his comrade
Hormisda, ambush'd in the royal garden,

Rush'd on thy sire, as there he sate unarm'd,
While thou, a child, wast sporting at his feet.
But Acbar—

Iskander. Acbar!—All accords!—Oh, Heav'n!

Verania. But Acbar, though surprised, was not dismay'd.
He wrench'd the weapon from my husband's hand,
And with it laid him dead; but at that instant
Receiv'd Hormisda's weapon in his heart. Th' assassin,
Though blood-inured, a savage mercenary,
Was mov'd to pity by thy innocent
Helplessness; and he spar'd thee, and to me
Brought thee. I nurst and lov'd thee, as my own;
And Seljuk still believes, that o'er the bones
Of *son* and sire, the Caspian waves are booming.

Iskander. He once believed it. Black Usurper! what
Avails it now?

Verania. Thou knowest well the ruins
On the wild shore below, which, peasants deem,
Are haunted by the spirits of the dead?
Those ruins were the scene of that foul murder.
There was thy father wont to seek seclusion
After thy mother's death: she died in child-birth
Of thee, and thou, ere born, wast motherless.
Oft would he wander there alone and pensive,
Or lead thee through the walks, and sadly smile
To see thee totter with thy load, a flower.

He lov'd the spot, for she whom he deplor'd
Had lov'd it, too, and grief had hallow'd it.
There rose her summer palace in its pride,
There still the ruins moulder awfully,
Where many a garden flower neglected blooms,
Seen only by the coiled snake, that makes
Its beauty danger.—But he hears me not.
Iskander. Still lives Hormisda?
Verania. Yes.
Iskander. Say of what mien
And stature is he?
Verania. He is thick and stunted,
A wrinkled dwarf.
Iskander. Thou art *all* lies—'tis false!
Beware, beware.
Verania, Canst thou not trust thy senses?
For thou hast seen him. 'Twas himself, with whom
I was conversing yesterday, when thou
Drew'st nigh, disguis'd, to ask a draught of water.
Iskander. That shrivel'd wretch! The mark of hell indeed
Is stamp'd upon him. But—'Tis all discordant,
'Tis contradiction all. Who then may *he* be,
That self-accuser, clad in mystery
And terror?—Can it be? it cannot.
Yet—Was my father's person known to thee?
Verania. I liv'd two years a servant in his house.
Iskander. Was he of brow involv'd, of eye revolting,
Of features grandly stern?

Verania. No. On his face
Sorrow had written kindness with a tear;
Judge for thyself. *(She draws a curtain and displays a picture.)* This is a precious relic;
Hormisda brought it lately from the ruins,
Behold thy father!

Iskander. Mock me not!—My father?—
Do not deceive me!—Was that look my father's?
That sad smile, so prophetic of misfortune,
Was it my father's? Still, as if he liv'd,
He turns his mild regard, with love and pity,
On his ill-omen'd son.—Then, not in vain
Did the renown'd Taurassdes, from his fields
Bring the low-born and gifted man, who first,
With cunning hand, and colours finely spread,
Immortalized the features that we love,
Enabling mortal beauty to contemn
Disease and mightier time.—Withdraw, I pray thee.

Verania. I will. But, oh, remember what I *have* been.

Iskander. What thou hast been, thou art, my mother still! [*Exit* VERANIA.
My father!—Thou, alas, canst not return
To lead me through this labyrinth of doubt.
(He surveys the picture long and mournfully.)
No, thou resemblest not my visitant;
My persecutor, rather shall I say?
No. Life and death are scarcely more unlike,
Why art thou dumb?—I sink in this abyss
Of mystery.—

Shall I return to court,
And wait, and watch? And be occasion's slave,
The dupe and victim of my self-deception.
Wait! watch! for what? the lies of selfish hope,
I will do nothing rashly, nothing basely.
I will not be ungrateful; will not barter,
No, not for worlds, that which transcends their worth,
My own heart's just esteem. Forbid it, Thou
Whose silent image beckons to my soul,
And ev'n from murder's eye might draw a tear!
Forbid it, oh, my honour'd Father! Watch,
If still thou canst, over thy troubled son,
Who yet is rich in innocence and honour,
Without which wealth is poorer than the dead.—

SCENE III.—*Inside of a magnificent Mausoleum. Soldiers with torches, Officers, &c.*

1*st. Officer.* I hear the music; the procession comes.

2*nd Officer.* And in his last home soon will Seljuk rest.

[*Enter torch-bearers; Musicians with cymbals, the gong, &c.*; PHARASMAN *mounted on a zebra; Guards with arms reversed;* ARTABAN, *dressed in white, and bearing the sacred fire; on a carriage, in the form of a dragon, and drawn by an elephant, the coffin of Seljuk, on which are placed the crown and sceptre*; TORSA,

leading the charger of the deceased; Guards, trailing their spears.]

The Procession halts, and the body is placed on a raised platform in the centre of the stage.

DIRGE.

Life is a journey to the tomb,
And all who live to this must come.

Enter ISKANDER *at the bottom of the stage. He stands motionless, while the crowd and attendants withdraw. Exit all but* ISKANDER.

Iskander. What! not a flatterer left? Not one. So best.
Oh, that with daring hand insatiate man
Might lift the curtain of eternity!—
This is a scene that suits my present thoughts.
Cold reasoning pride may try to scorn such thoughts;
And, shuddering, feign, with faded lip, to sneer.
But when those awful shadows follow us,
Dare we look back upon them. When we shrink
Back from th' unfathom'd future, on the verge
Of dissolution; or, appall'd, look down
On Fate's black waste of viewless, sumless waves,
And listen; what still voice gives pride the lie?
Strong instinct answers, 'Nature's.' So it is.
Oh, Dust that once was life! although thou scorn
To be instructed, let me learn of thee.
'Doubt is the wise man's heav'n, where fools ne'er come.'
So fools have said: but in my heart I feel,

'Tis folly's worst extreme to doubt of ought.
I believe all things, but I trust not all.
That wild audacity with which we combat
Instinctive terror, mystery, and fate,
Though courage it may be, is not conviction.—
Ha! Hence! Avaunt!

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. What troubles thee?

Iskander. Thy presence.
What wouldst thou? Say! be brief.

Taurassdes. Will we or not,
Fate heeds not. True, thy friend is innocent;
But what avails it? At the gates of night
A sable angel waits in tears his coming;
I hear, though thou canst not, the whisper'd words
That sum his sands. [*Exit* TAURASSDES.

Iskander. Oh, God, have mercy, mercy!
Shall I become hell's menial? I, who, erst,
Free as the Caspian wave, built in my heart
The shrine of innocence and liberty?
Let me not yield to ill—if ill it be.
Am I *not* yielding? Strengthen me, oh God!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.* ZOROADER *alone, walking perturbedly.*

Zoroader. Caution alone is safety, our best guard
Suspicion, our betrayer Confidence.

The slave of appetite, stung by his wants,
And haunted by his fellows, what is man?

Enter TORSA.

Torsa. My liege, Iskander humbly greets your highness,
And craves admittance.

Zoroader. When did he arrive?

Torsa. Yesterday.

Zoroader. From the country?

Torsa. Yes, sire.

Zoroader. Well.—
And why not well?

Torsa. Shall I admit him, Sire?

Zoroader. Admit him? No, not now, good Torsa. Stay!
Iskander is thy very ardent friend?
Is he not Torsa?

Torsa. Yes, I humbly thank him.

Zoroader. What say the people of him?

Torsa. Good alone.

Zoroader. They praise him?

Torsa. Yes, Sire, and deservedly.

Zoroader. 'Tis well.
I will speak with him, but not now. Tomorrow.

[*Exit* TORSA.

Thou diedst too soon, my Father, ah, too soon!
Thou canst not now explain thy words of torture:
'Him the mysterious, the terrific!' Whom?
By evil means th' Iranian crown was thine;

And is it true that murder will not sleep,
Till vengeance give an opiate to the grave?
Would thou hadst told me more, or told me nothing!

SCENE II.—*The Garden of* ELMASAIDE. *Enter* ISKANDER, *with a letter in his hand, and followed by* TORSA.

Iskander. Address'd to me, and without signature!
How strange! Who sent this letter, Boy?

Torsa. Her name
Is no part of mine errand, Sir.

Iskander. So pert! *(He reads.)*
"Meet one, who, trembling, blushes while she writes,
Immediately, beyond the orange grove,
Where passion, silent long, shall dare to speak."

Torsa. What answer shall I bear?

Iskander. Say, first, to whom?

Torsa. That you will meet her? Shall I tell her so?

Iskander. Who wrote this?

Torsa. I did not see it written.

Iskander. Who gave it thee?

Torsa. Hush! we are interrupted;
My lady must on no account see me here.

Iskander. Thy lady!—Heav'n's! Idonea? (*Exit* TORSA.) Oh,
It is a shock of happiness too great
For man to bear. Can it be possible?
I dare not think it.

Enter IDONEA.

Idonea. Melancholy still?
Sad in departure, sorrowing thou returnest,
Wan Thinker! and thy looks infect thy friends
With sympathising gloom. Since thy return
Zoroader droops like thee; hast thou mark'd it?
And thought grows hourly paler on his brow.
How is it when Iskander doubts his friends,
And flies from confidence. 'Twas otherwise
Once,—Dost thou sigh?

Iskander. Because it is no more,
That time of dreams, when bright as heav'nly day,
Imagination spurn'd reality,
And clad in rainbow hues idea-bless'd
The unknown future. Yes, 'tis gone for ever,
For ever! vanish'd, like an infant's dream,
That smiles, then wakes in tears; like the bright mist
Which frost congeals to snow; like the stern splendour,
The morning splendour of a day of storms,
Whose rainbows warn the little birds to seek
The shelter of the grove.

Idonea. Be comforted.
What is this nameless ailment, that consumes
The willing heart? that marries loneliness?
That talks with silence in her gloomiest shade?
Is there no lip in all this land, from which
Thou mightst sip sweetness? is there none, no lady,
Whose smile of mental beauty might apply
At least a palliative, and re-enlighten

That beamless eye of misery? Come! come!
No more of this.

Iskander. I am an abject wretch,
Despis'd and despicable as the dust.

Idonea. Believe not that desponder in thy breast,
Which makes the ill it fears. Despised! By whom?
And despicable? Rather say belov'd!
Honour'd! Who more?

Iskander. Belov'd? Impossible.

Idonea. I say thou art! deservedly and well.

Iskander. Thou? dost thou say it? I have waited long:
I am repaid. Oh, for an angel's tongue
To speak my joy, and tell thee, my beloved,
How I adore thee!

Idonea. Me? Thou dost not say it.

Iskander. In kisses. *(He embraces her.)*

Idonea. Art thou frantic? Let me go.
False—

Iskander. Not to thee.

Idonea. Wretch!—Help! Zoroader!

Enter ZOROADER.

Zoroader. Ha!
Damn'd, damn'd, white, angel-seeming villain!

Iskander. *(sinking on one knee, and drawing his sword, which, with the point in his hand he offers to* ZOROADER, *who eagerly receives it.)* Strike!
What! dost thou pause? and hesitate to be

The murderer of such a miscreant? Strike!
In mercy, strike! let me not live, and move,
A nameless, baseness, to be trusted still,
And still found false, till *treachery* be call'd
Iskander.

Zoroader. Live! to trust, and be betrayed!
And may the arm that clasps thee to love's kiss,
End with a blow thine hollowness and thee!

(He throws the sword at ISKANDER'S *feet, and exit with* IDONEA.*)*

Iskander. Open, thou Earth, *(He seizes the sword.)*
And swallow me!—Fatal mistake! Oh, madman!

(He rushes out with the sword in his hand.)

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Garden.* AIJILEBE *and* TORSA.

Aijilebe. No answer? When was Torsa known to be
So awkward and so dull?—He seem'd surpris'd?

Torsa. And ask'd who sent the letter.

Aijilebe. Guess'd he not?

Torsa. No. While I waited his reply, my lady Came.

Aijilebe. Why should she come there? Came she to him?

Torsa. I then in haste
Withdrew.

Aijilebe. Return and manage better. Quick!

And come not empty back. (*Exit* TORSA.) What
may this mean?
'Tis he himself. Oh, God! a sword? What looks!
Enter ISKANDER.
Iskander (Passionately embraces her). Though
all the world contemn me, thou wilt not—
My only hope! my refuge! thou wilt not.
Aijilebe. Thy lip is colourless, thine eye is wild—
What means this weapon, wav'd so aimlessly?
Whom dost thou fly, or whom pursue?
Iskander. Myself.
Aijilebe. Ah, what hath happen'd? Something
dreadful. Speak!
Iskander. I dare not tell thee, for erewhile, I
I dream'd
That thou didst love me. I am bankrupt now,
Destitute, friendless: I have nothing left
But that sweet dream.
Aijilebe. Is it my angel's voice?
Thou *dost* not love me?
Iskander. Was it but a dream?
Aijilebe. Oh, do not trifle with me! Cruel! do
not!
Nay, whither wouldst thou go?—He hears me not.
His eyes are fix'd, stone still.—Why, why is this?
Iskander. Early, and long, thou know'st my soul
imbib'd
Th' enchanting poison of her looks and converse,
While, artless as the wild flower in her hand,

She smil'd, as angels smile on suffering virtue,
And stamp'd that heart-smile glowing on my soul.
Would I had never seen her!—Aijilebe!—
What have I done!

Aijilebe. Oh, Heav'n!—Inhuman man!
'Twas I, alas, 'twas I that *dream'd* of love!
Oh, this is terrible as unexpected!
I never thought of this! Ah, 'tis now plain!
Oh, what a wretch am I?

Iskander. Still deeper, deeper!
Never to be forgiv'n! and shall I live?

Aijilebe. And wouldst thou die?

Iskander. My touch is pestilence—
Touch not the traitor who betray'd his master.

Aijilebe. Alas! thy master? wherefore? *(She looks on his sword.)* No 'tis bloodless.

Iskander. Be it no longer so. I have no friend
Not one on earth, but thee. Scorn'd by all else,
Wilt thou be true to me?

Aijilebe. Aye, as thy soul.

Iskander. Prove then thy truth. Here—sheath it in my heart.

Aijilebe. I? in thy heart? Oh, he is frantic!—
Give me the sword. *(She takes the sword, and throws it from her, then seizes both his hands.)*

Iskander. All unbelov'd, as wretched.
Thou too art cold, and I am all alone.

Aijilebe. Thou shalt not go. Thou know'st not what thou dost.—

Oh, he is mad!—Alone thou shalt not go.
Stay, and compose thyself.

Iskander. And where, sweet Lady,
Where shall I find composure, if not here,
With thee; who scorn'd and injured, still dost pity
My deep unworthiness? Canst thou forgive me?

Aijilebe. When thou art guilty. Pardon is for guilt.

Iskander. The kind heart ever had a voice like thine.
Oh, how hast thou been hidden from my soul!
How plac'd beneath my eyes, and yet unseen!
Earth's heav'nly flower! neglected.—As thou wilt;
What recks it where I am? Yet best with thee.

[*Exit* ISKANDER, *led out by* AIJILEBE.

SCENE IV.—*Ruins on the rocky shore of the Caspian. Midnight.*

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Good, and thence weak? then criminal, then lost:
So passion rules us. It is false that man
Is reasonable. He who forged the falsehood
Was some half-hearted, cold, half-human slave,
A libel on man's form, and not a man.
Aye, man is reasonable, as the sea is
When loud winds scourge the black waves into foam.
How like a warhorse, maned with fire, the tempest
Raves o'er the shrinking Caspian! Even so
Do troubled thoughts plough up Iskander's soul,

And furrow it with blood. Why comes he hither?
To seek the termination of his woes,
Which here he shall not find..

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. Why am I wretched?
I am not criminal. Wherefore, oh God,
Descends on me so crushingly thine ire?
Thy robe to me is gloom, thy face is darkness.
Is it thy voice which Ocean uttereth,
And doth it call me? Hark! Deep, deep below,
How raves in foam the storm-wing'd wave, and stuns
These ramparts, founded from Eternity!
May I embrace it as a friend, my last?
Beneath that tumult, Father, give me peace!
(He prepares to precipitate himself into the sea.)

Taurassdes (Without). Back! *(Enter, as from the sea,* TAURASSDES.*)* Back!

Iskander. Avaunt! Infernal Visitant!
Fly *(Thunder)*! Powers of mystery! doth the storm obey him?

Taurassdes. Why seek to die, if others seek to kill thee?

Iskander. Why seek to know what nought concerneth thee?
What brings the hither? Troubler of my soul,
What art thou?

Taurassdes. What I seem. I am a wretch,
A miserable sinner, bowed with wrongs
And sorrow to the dust.

Iskander. I have not wrong'd thee.
I too am wrong'd, but innocent as wrong'd
These hands are clean.

Taurassdes. Proud of thy shame! Strike now,
Or break thy sword! Ev'n at the altar, strike!
And she is thine. Go, I too shall be there.
Tomorrow to Zoroader weds her not,
If thou art Acbar's son, and worthy of him.

Iskander. Aye, thou mayst give me guilty victory;
Power, but not peace; Idonea, but not love;
Her dear arm for my pillow, but not rest;
Not sweet affection's heart-sooth'd rest, reposed
On kisses. Leave me, black Seducer! leave me,
Inglorious to my griefs. Tempt me no more.

[*Exit* ISKANDER.

Taurassdes. This looks like worth! Can he be Acbar's son?

SCENE V.—*Another part of the shore.*

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. If thou art he, thy form and mien are changed.
Thou wearest on thy brow, or seem'st to wear,
Th' Iranian crown. Who mayst thou be? I fain
Would call thee Acbar. Art thou he? Well, give
To me the crown, and I will do thy bidding
Whate'er thy bidding be—He vanish'd here.
Did air, or earth, or ocean swallow him?
Again he comes!—Again thy mien is changed;

Thou hast resum'd thy dreadful lineaments.
I know thee now, too well—ah, would I did!

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. So thou art *not* invited to these nuptials.
Why not invited? Need I tell thee why not?
Art thou not sought ev'n now? And wherefore sought?
Or art thou (as, 'tis said, thy rival deems thee,)
So vile, that thou mayst live, and he be safe?

[*Exit* TAURASSDES.

Iskander. Dreadful Solicitor! whate'er thou art!
A moment stay and tell me! Hast thou conquer'd?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The highest summit of Caucasus.*

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Brightness! and Silence! and Eternal snow!
And thou, Hoar Spirit of old Solitude,
Whose wings the ever-rolling years have plumed
With darkness, which shall deepen till light dies
On morning's rosy hills, no more to dawn!
Once more, and but once more, I visit you,
Ere the dire fruit, whose sweetness kills the heart,
Be ripen'd for the banquet I prepare.

Voice. Why didst thou not obey me? Dost thou still

Hunt, as with snakes, the blood of him who wrong'd thee?

Taurassdes. Till not a drop, a drop remains undamn'd.

Voice. Yet there is time for heav'n and happiness.
Let not the great and good Taurassdes sink
To lowest hell, with meanest souls to rave,
For ever, and for ever, and for ever.

Taurassdes. Talk not to me of heav'n and happiness:
Vengeance to me is happiness and heav'n.

Voice. Though not to me thy soul inflexible
Will listen, yet to her who wrong'd thee most
And still is lov'd by thee with deathless passion,
Turn thou and listen, even for her sake.
Arise, most guilty! most belov'd! *(The form of a beautiful Lady rises from the snow.)*

Taurassdes. Oh, God!—
Is it my love? my Amri? my adored?

Lady. My angel's voice! Speak! Let me hear again
Those tones, which were and are, my world, my all!
Canst thou forgive me?

Taurassdes. Oh, thou fillest again,
With venomous fire, the soul that in thy presence
Almost forgot thy frailty, and my wrongs!

Lady. Hast thou forgiv'n me?

Taurassdes. Ev'n when thou first
Didst sin against me, I forgave thee then.

Lady. Oh, then forgive the guiltless! From the depths
Of hell I come, to bar thy hellward way.
Melt, iron soul, and pray for me in heav'n,
That when my thousand, thousand, thousand years
Of pain are ended, we again may meet—
Not happy, yet not wretched. Shall it be?

Taurassdes. Vengeance to me is happiness and heav'n.

Lady. Oh, but there is in heav'n a little one,
Our angel-child, that perish'd in my womb,
The bud that wither'd ere it saw the saw the sun!
It weeps in heav'n for thee, my lord, and me.
Sad among angels, how long shall it wait,
And be a beautiful reproach in heav'n?

[*Exit* TAURASSDES.

But he is gone. We part, then, soon to meet,
And dwell for ever with each other. Where?
Answer, Almighty Punisher of embraces
That crush true bosoms; smiles that wither souls,
Passions that blast us in celestial forms,
And cast the wronger's shadow o'er his victim!

[*She sinks into the snow, and with the sound of thunder, the stage is darkened.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of a temple. In the centre,* PHARASMAN *with Guards. Enter at the bottom of the stage,* TAURASSDES, *followed by* ARTABAN; *then* ZOROADER, *leading* IDONEA *and followed by* TORSA, *attendants, spectators, &c.*

Zoroader (Stopping.) Servant of heav'n! who may he be who stalks
Before us with the port of kings, and seems
To scorn ev'n us?

Artaban. Perhaps some officer
Of the Taurassdian reign, who claims in age
His privilege, or his duty.

Zoroader. Very likely.
And yet, methinks—but no—

Idonea. Is my lord ill?

Zoroader. My love?

Idonea. The colour quits your cheek.

Zoroader. 'Tis nothing.

[*Enter* HORMISDA, *cautiously following from pillar to pillar, while all eyes are fixed on* TAURASSDES, *and the veteran guards recoiling before him as he comes forward.*

Pharasman (sinking on his knees.) God of my sires! may I believe my senses?
Do my old eyes delude me?—What is this?
Speak, frowning Mystery!

Zoroader. (to Pharasman.) Why kneel'st thou there? [*Exit all but* HORMISDA.

Enter ISKANDER.

CHAUNT *(without.)*

Join'd in heart, as join'd in hand,
Loving, reign, and bless the land. *(Music.)*

[*Exit* ISKANDER.

(Music ceases.)

Iskander. *(Without.)* For Acbar and my right.
Zoroader. *(Without.)* And what for gratitude?
Idonea. *(Without.)* Me, too!—Oh, Love,
Receive me to thy bosom!
Guards *(Without.)* Seize him there!
Re-enter ISKANDER, *followed by Guards*, PHARASMAN, *&c.*
Iskander. Would I had ne'er been born!
Guards. Down with him!
Re-enter TAURASSDES.
Taurassdes. Back!—
Against your king? Point you at him your weapons.
Behold his features! Look! and recognize
The lineaments of Acbar! (*to Pharasman.*) Veteran!
Dost thou not know *my* features? I am here
To aid your prince, the son of royal Acbar,
Who fell by Seljuk's base contrivances
Depriv'd of throne and life.
Hormisda (*Comes forward trembling.*) *I* slew him! I,
The slave of Seljuk! by this arm he died;
Behold the assassin! (*He kneels.*) Sovereign of my sons!
A boon! a boon!—Justice, not pardon—kill me!
(*Guards attack* HORMISDA, *whoe scapes, followed by some of them.*)
Pharasman. Long live Iskander, king of Iran!
Taurassdes. Hail, king of Iran!
Guards. Live and reign, Iskander!

Taurassdes. God save the King!

Enter Guards, and others supporting IDONEA. ISKANDER *clasps her in his arms.*

Idonea (*Recovering from her stupor, as* ISKANDER *bears her off the stage*). Liv'st thou? And he is dust!

Exit all but TAURASSDES.

Shouts (Without). Iskander, king of Iran, live for ever!

Taurassdes. Hark! hark! The shallow multitude! They deem
They rule the whirlwind, and are rul'd by shadows.
Still grates their harsh voice on my soul, as when
They cried, 'Down with him, the Reformer-king,
The sceptred Innovator, who would make
His subject mortals wiser than men can be!'
Powers who delight in good! have I not cause
To hate this brawling rabble, by whose aid
The wretch that crushed my heart, achiev'd my crown?
Who bade me be the mate of solitude,
Hating inaction, yet compell'd to rest
A hopeless thing of infinite desires,
And equal weakness? The base, fickle rabble.
Who bade black hatred be to me religion,
And malice virtue? The base, fickle rabble.
They, they bowed down to Gods of gloom the soul
That liv'd in light, and loved it for itself;
The guilt is theirs. Why, then, doth every breeze,

The ripple of the lonely rill, upbraid me,
And murmur execration to my soul?
Am I a monster, cruel, terrible?
Why was my heart crushed? why was I driv'n forth
Dishonour'd from the world? why was my arm
Arrested, palsied, in the very act
Of blessing generations yet unborn?
Dreadful I am, not cruel, only just.
A monster? No. But I would have black guilt
Paint itself justly, both to men and fiends.
The consequence shall not belie the cause;
The offspring shall be worthy of the parent.

SCENE III.—*A room in the Palace.* IDONEA *and* TORSA.

Torsa. You sent for me, my lady.

Idonea. Thy young heart
Hath not had time to harden yet: I did.
Where have they laid him? Do not weep, but tell me.
I would but kneel upon his grave and die.

Torsa. Madam the corpse is not yet buried.

Idonea. Not?
Blessings be thine, sweet Boy! Oh, I did fear
That, with unseemly haste, the murderer
Would hide in Earth his victim's mute reproach!
If thou didst love him—and thy tears speak for thee—
Where are his poor remains?

Torsa. Here in the house.

Idonea. They have not dar'd to mangle, though they murder'd?

Torsa. No, Madam. I have seen the corpse, and yet

The bridegroom's smile remains on his pale lips,
And royalty, upon his wan, cold brow,
Serenely thron'd might draw a tear from marble.

Idonea. It is my all, my world! that icy kiss!
That calm, sad fixedness! Come—

Torsa. To the dead?

Idonea. Shew but where he is laid, and lead the way.

Torsa. But I have not the key. The king retains it.

Idonea. Then tell thy master that Idonea craves a minute's audience.

Torsa. Madam, I obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the Palace.* ISKANDER *reclines on a mattress.*

Iskander. Dead! and laid forth! and dost thou claim her still?
Why dost thou force thy loathsomeness between us?
And chilly press thy gory cheek to mine?
Hence! Wilt thou blind me with thy wiry hair?
Thy touch is wormy! hence!—No, no! Resign her?
So dearly bought!

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Lo, thus sleep murderers!
Clasp'd in both hands, and to his bosom strain'd,
See, with what force the coward tyrant grasps
The unfeeling sword, and hugs it as a bride!
But thou shalt have a colder, truer bride.
Vile spawn of treason and adultery!
In guilt and horror deep, sink deeper still!
Thy death alone will not suffice; be first
Thy life more loathsome than the worm of tombs!
Be, like the murderous lust, that caused thy being,
And my dishonour, treacherous, foul, and bloody!
But shall these murderers sleep? Awake! awake!
Thy evil angel calls thee—Murderer, rise!

Iskadner. Hast thou *more* lives? Hadst thou ten thousand—Ha!
Terrible Being! Thou? Thou here? How cam'st thou?
Whence? wherefore? what to do? Be merciful!
'Twas thou who mad'st me what I am—Have pity!
Would I had never heard thy deathly accents!
Would, would it were to do, that dreadful deed!

Taurassdes. Be mute, and hear. Idonea shall be thine;
But—mark me well—Aijilebe thwarts thy love;
Beware of her! and—dost thou mark? to-morrow,
At this hour, go thou to Zoroader's tomb.

Iskander. Thither?

Taurassdes. *I* tell thee *thither.*

Iskander. I? at midnight?
He hath not yet a tomb.

Taurassdes. Then give him one.

[*Exit* TAURASSDES.

Enter TORSA.

Iskander. What! am I watch'd Fly! Stay!
Art thou my keeper, or my slave? Who bade
Thee chronicle my sleep? Minion!

Torsa. God help me,
As I am innocent and ignorant
Of all offence against your majesty.

Iskander. Why art thou here then? Ha! 'tis well advised!
Who would suspect a boy?—Who hir'd thee? Egg!
Who hir'd thee? or thou diest. Why here?

Torsa. The lady
Idonea claims a minute's audience.

Iskander. How!
Admit her instantly. Stay! If thou utter
What thou hast heard! (*Aside*) Why do I threaten him?
No, trembling boy. Forget my violent words;
Serve faithfully, and thrive. *Exit* TORSA. Me? seeks she me,
Who dare not look upon her? Fool, be still!

Enter IDONEA.

Idonea. I! I to him? Oh, pardon me Zoroäder,

If I, for thy sake, seek whom I abhor,
And sue where I should slay !—Sir, is it well ?
Am I a captive, too ?

Iskander. Even my life !

Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine. What wouldst thou Lady ?

Idonea. It is not now, I sadly feel, a time
For vengeful thoughts, or even for self-respect.
I am a hapless lady, widow'd young,
Humbled by grief, in all things destitute,
Except in woes. I have no hope, no pride,
No anger ; I have only burning tears,
Which flow upon a wound that will not heal.

Iskander. Spare my torn heart, though I deserve it not.

What wouldst thou, Mourner ?

Idonea. I would mourn alone,
And not in bonds. Cruel ! if thou refuse
To set me free, death will release me soon.

Iskander. Lady, thy sad and just request is granted.

Idonea. Sorrow is all I have—then give it food ;
That I may yet a little while remain
Happy in wretchedness. Give me my *husband.*

Iskander. I cannot raise the dead.

Idonea. Give me the *dead.*

Iskander. Aye, that thou might'st with solemn pomp inter him,
And turn the rabble into wild beasts, mad
With hatred against me. Would that be wise ?

Idonea. Give me the dead! that I may speak alone
And undisturb'd to ears that cannot hear,
And, in the cherish'd luxury of pain,
Weep on the breast that shall be mine in heav'n,
And wed him with my tears.

Iskander. Thy tears are tortures;
And yet I cannot curse them. 'Thine in heaven!'
Oh, I would give my crown, and all my hopes,
To die like him, and be thus mourn'd by thee,
For whom I have destroy'd the innocent blood,
And barter'd blood for fire!

Idonea. Oh, name it not!
Let not earth hear it—if thou hast a heart.

Iskauder. I have a true one, and 'tis wholly thine.

Idonea. Stand I before my husband's murderer?

Iskander. Lo, in the dust I kneel; forgive me!

Idonea. God
May, if thy soul is penitent.

Iskander. It is.

Idonea. To him, to him kneel in thy penitence;
Pour at ***his*** feet thy tears of blood and fire—
Oh, not at mine! But ***he*** is infinite
In mercy.

Iskander. Can ***he*** pardon me?

Idonea. Ask ***him.***

Iskander. Him? the all-just?
Oh, stay! I grant thy suit. (***Exit*** IDONEA.) In life and death,
For ever, and for ever, Unforgiven!

SCENE V.—*The garden of* ELMASAIDE. *Enter* IDONEA *and* AIJILEBE.

Idonea. He came upon me in the hour of grief,
With dumb step, suddenly, and like a dream.
Even as a thought, uncalled, presents itself,
And, sought, exists not—so he came, and went;
While thronging questions hurried to my lip
Unanswer'd.

Aijilebe. Was his person known to thee?

Idonea. No. Never did I see in human form
Such awful grandeur. Haughty was his gait
His presence regal. On his mournful brow,
And pallid face, sate dignity and power,
And pride immitigable, pride which could not
Stoop to ought earthly.

Aijilebe. Was not he of earth?

Idonea. Of earth? what else?

Aijilebe. Said he not what he was,
And whence he came?

Idonea. He said not, nor had I
The calmness to inquire. Yet once I tried,
With trembling lip to question him; but then
The lightening faded in his glance, his features
Changed, and my lip fell accentless.

Aijilebe. Why came he?
Was his intrusion purposeless?

Idonea. Oh no,
No. He hath written on my memory

Words not to be repeated; things that shall be,
Ere they are talked of; unimaginable
Thoughts, that will feed for ever on my heart
In deedless misery, or terse my arm
To more than woman's daring.

Aijilebe. When was this?

Idonea. 'Twas even now, after my sordid mother,
Almost before the grave was fill'd with earth,
Had jarr'd my soul with base apologies
For murder, and the man who wears the crown.

Aijilebe. By Heav'n, it would be well to grant his suit,
And wed him, but to blast him.

Idonea. Ah, 'tis here!
Again 'tis here! nor shall it hence depart.
No, I will bind it fast, and it shall be
The husband of my dreams,—my pillow sleeping,
Awake, my gorgon shield. Thy look inquires;
What would it ask?

Aijilebe. I know not.—What beholds she?

Idonea. Over the silence of my murder'd hopes,
The sorrow of my soul's despair, it pass'd,—
Like light'ning o'er the midnight battle field,
Blue-gleaming on the faces of the dead,
When all is still. 'Tis dreadful!

Aijilebe. What is dreadful?
Why dost thou pause, as though thou wouldst divulge
A meaning without words? Express thy thought.

Idonea. In deeds, my Aijilebe. Wilt thou go
with me,
At midnight to Zoroader's sepulchre?
Aijilebe. For what wild purpose?
Idonea. I have much to say
There.
Aijilebe. To the dead?
Idonea. Well says my Aijilebe.
Aye, to the dead.
Aijilebe. The living may be there, too.
What, if that stranger be some hireling stabber?
What if Iskander—
Idonea. Man, or fiend exists not,
That I fear less, or have less cause to fear,
Than evil-doom'd Iskander.
Aijilebe. Can it be?
Idonea. Believe it; and believe, that as I fear not
Him, the abhor'd, so neither is there ought
That I with such deep fervency revere,
As my ador'd Zoroader's memory—
Except Myself.
Aijilebe. Except thyself?
Idonea. Our faith,
Our purity—My honour is Myself.
But see! Who comes?

Enter HORMISDA.

Hormisda. Still hunted? Still proscribed?
So be it, King Iskander, the most grateful.
Yet, have a care! who slew thy sire, may thee.

This is the place. And who are these? My sender
Calculates, as the spirits do, unerringly.

Aijilebe. What mutters he?

Idonea. No matter. Leave me, Aijilebe.

Aijilebe. Leave thee? Ar' t' mad?

Idonea. No. Leave me

Aijilebe. And with him?

I like him not. I fear him.

Idonea. I fear nothing.

Leave me. (*Exit* AIJILEBE.) What wouldst thou here with me?

Hormisda. Employment.

Idonea. Who sent thee hither?

Hormisda. One whose slightest accent
Gesture, or motion, is authority;
One, who hath told me what I deem'd was known
Only to heav'n and me.

Idonea. Me wouldst thou serve?

Hormisda. Work, give us work! we care not whom we serve.

Idonea. The hireling's creed is brief. What canst thou do?

Hormisda. Anything.

Idonea. Comprehensively replied.

Hormisda. The king, who owes to me his crown, would slay me.

Idonea (*Aside*). This is a coward who in very fear
Would rush to direst acts.—What wouldst thou do, then?—

Ah, is it even so, Perdition's Angel?

Hormisda. 'Tis said, thou art his foe, and thou hast cause

Idonea. Come to me when the sun hath left the heav'ns,
And ere the moon hath ris'n upon the dark
To look on guilty faces. *Then* come to me.

Hormisda. I will obey thee. I am true as steel.
He lives not who can say I e'er hung back,
Where there was work to do. Depend on me.

Idonea. I do so. Leave me. (*Exit* HORMISDA.)
It is well, Zoroader?
Ah, whither am I hurried? and to plunge
Into what gulph? what dark untried abyss. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Midnight. The tomb of* ZOROADER.

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. Thee I no longer fear. I am no longer
That slave, thy friend, all honour'd by the insult
Of condescension. Lo, I wear thy crown,
And tread thee underneath my royal feet.
Would I could fear thee. Him alone I fear,
Who bids me with my presence mock thy grave.
Him I obey, and laugh to scorn the ghost
Of murder'd friendship. The renounc'd of nature,
The purchas'd of the fiends, lo, here I stand—
Not that half-fac'd Iskander, whom thou took'st
A wooing with thee. Here I stand, thy friend.

Remorseless, merciless, no longer human,
My soul is as my hands. Rise, if thou dar'st,
Rise! try me! call me Friend! Oh, thou hadst been
Indeed my friend, hadst thou slain *me*! Thou diedst
Bless'd, and thy sleep is sound. No harrowing thought
Speaks to thy heart in accents of dismay,
No demon troubles thee, no hopeless passion
Burns up thy marrow with consuming pangs.
Oh, well art thou!—Who comes? my Evil Genius?
Women?—Fate! what means this? *(He retires behind the tomb.)*

Enter IDONEA *and* AIJILEBE.

Idonea. Stop. I alone. (*She advances to the tomb.*)
My bleeding heart is buried here. Oh, scene
Tender and terrible! all that remains
Of my lov'd lord rests here, ah, why alone?
He is but gone before me. I will follow
Soon; when my task is done. Eternal home
Of all my soul holds dear! I bring not tears
To thee, sad monument! No, sterner stuff
Is wanted, and I come—Bed of my Love!
Mournful remembrancer!—trembling, I come
To thee for strength, and, (not unsent,) for hope
In my despair. O Death! oh, Night and Horror!
My husband's crown adorns his murderer's brow,
The murderer wields his sceptre; and to me,
He looks with deathly gastliness infected,
Recent from blood, to me he sues, to me,
His victim's joyless wife.

Iskander (*Comes forward*). Oh, do not curse him!

Aijilebe. What will become of us?

Idonea. Say who art thou
That dwell'st with death?—Detested! God-abandon'd!
May every torment—No! oh, not despair!
But heartless, joyless, wretched, withering hope—

Iskander. Oh, curse me not! Thy hate is curse sufficient;
More, more than I can bear.

Idonea. Why dost thou persecute the peaceful grave?
Oh, never may'st thou rest! but evermore
Be thine the harrowing eye-sleep of the soul,
That fain would rest, and cannot.

Iskander. Is this a scene
For guilt to choose?

Idonea. Hath not guilt chosen it?

Iskander. Thou bad'st me kneel to heav'n. Lo, not to heav'n,
But on my royal victim's grave I pour
My burning tears, and startle night with groans.

Idonea. Thou Hypocrite!

Iskander. Am I, then, fall'n so low?

Idonea. Believe that I believe thy lying tears,
What will it profit thee?

Iskander. Oh, wouldst thou bless me with one look of pity,

My soul might dare uplift to outraged heav'n
The eye of fainting hope. And couldst thou feel,
But for a moment, that undying pang
Which rages here, thy pity would not pause,
But wing'd, would fly, and from my soul remove
A burden heavier than the weight of worlds!

Idonea. Sin is indeed a humbler of proud man.
Thine actions are authentic; I believe
The tale *they* tell. But with thine actions how
Accord thy words? Ah, canst thou reconcile
Murder with pray'r, and lust with penitence?
Assist me, Wretch, to wrestle with conviction.
True penitence is rarely disbelieved;
I shall rejoice to be convinced of thine.
At sunrise come to me.—Back, heartless wretch!
Not in this awful presence, dare insult
The virgin majesty of mourning love!—
At sunrise I expect thee.

Aijilebe. Woman! Woman!

[*Exit* AIJILEBE *and* IDONEA.

Iskander. May I believe my senses? Did I dream?
Do I behold thy tomb, my friend? I struck thee
A cruel blow; she stabs thy very ashes.
Rise now, or sleep for ever. [*Exit* ISKANDER.

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the house of* ELMASAIDE.

IDONEA *reclined on a couch.* AIJILEBE *seated near her.*

Idonea. When will the night be past? I cannot sleep.

Hast thou no drowsy song, to lullaby
This tireless weariness? Thy doleful ditties,
Are they forgotten, since thou hast become
Jealous of me? I pray thee, sing thy saddest.

Aijilebe (sings).

Stranger! in youth I pin'd away;
The cause is nought to thee:
But if my false love hither stray;
Oh! let him weep for me!

Aijilebe. She sleeps in tears.—The shy Morn tardily
Awakes in heaviness, and scarfs the cloud
Around him drearily. Yet soon the sun
Will like a lion, o'er the Caspian shake
His mane of living fire. Then will this wooer
Come, like the sun, his herald. Aye, but I
Will send him luckless back. He shall not see her;
I will deny her to him, and insult him
With all the cool, nerve-torturing, careless scorn,
That crushes with its lightness.—He is here.

[*Exit* AIJILEBE.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the house of* ELMASAIDE.

Enter AIJILEBE *and* ISKANDER.

Iskander. Not see me? not at leisure?

Aijilebe. Seems it strange?
Winds, and the painted clouds, change momently;
Less stable still is woman. [*Exit* AIJILEBE.

Iskander. To my face
Insulted? This is thy work, Aijilebe.
Have I then barter'd the soul's priceless calm,
The dreamless sleep, for th' all-uneasy crown;
And shall an insect, a malignant gnat,
Sting me with insult, and impunity?
What, if I make the exercise of power
Pay for lost peace? a sad equivalent! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the house of* ELMASAIDE.

Enter AIJILEBE, ELMASAIDE, *and* IDONEA.

Idonea. At worst, 'twas but an error. And, my Mother,
I pray thee do not chide my Aijilebe
For such slight faults. Thou hast done well to bid
The king return: fear not he will obey thee.
Meantime, permit me to withdraw. [*Exit* IDONEA.

Aijilebe. Truth only—

Elmasaide. I will not hear a word.

Aijilebe. I utter'd none
That was not true.

Elmasaide. I have impatiently
And too long borne with thee. What thou hast said—

Aijilebe. Again I say it. If she wed this stabber
Our sex were never slander'd.

Elmasaide. So again
Thou say'st, and I endure it still. Thou know'st
the world,
Hast liv'd long in it, art experienc'd, sage.
Am I not grey and wrinkled! I should know
What prudence means; but I am to be taught
By girls my duty.—Not a word! I now
Request not, but command. A stabber is he?
True—And a king. Thou wouldst not wed him!
thou!
Aijilebe. I scorn th' insinuation.
Elmasaide. To be sure.
Love does not share, with envious rage, thy breast?
Or if he does, I care not. All was well,
And as it should be. What had'st thou to do,
To pin thy tongue to ears that needed not
Thy teaching? Pert! where didst thou learn these airs?
This high-ton'd insolence, who taught it thee?
Thou play'st the mistress, as thou talk'st the fool,
Most admirably. Is it to be borne?
Oh, patience! give me patience! When she had
Consented, who bade thee make straight paths
crooked?
But lo, he comes! Wrath clouds his awful brow—
Thou mischief!
Aijilebe. I will smooth his brow, if thou
Wilt clear his conscience.

Enter ISKANDER.

Elmasaide. Frown not, gracious Prince,

On me, thine humblest servant; I am guiltless,
So is my child. There stands the guilty cause,
Defiance in her idiot eye, and scorn
Curling her baby lip, all unabash'd,
Though guilty.

Iskander. Venomous Insect, thus I crush thee.

(As he attempts to stab AIJILEBE, IDONEA *enters and arrests his hand.)*

Idonea. Ah, what is it? Is it Destiny?
Why is the fond heart persecuted, thus,
And true love's sweetest tear turn'd into gall?
'Twas ever so.—Still in his hand he grasps
Unconsciously the disappointed sword.—
And *did* the mighty and malignant cloud
Stoop to discharge the lightning on a flower?
Is this thy penitence? 'Tis strongly prov'd,
And I am satisfied. Well it befits me
That I requite thee well.—Wilt thou arise,
Zoroader, from thy shroud, if I accept
This blood-stain'd hand in marriage?

Aijilebe. Him? in marriage!

Iskander. I have no words, no tears—

Aijilebe. Reject these nuptials,
Her heart is in the grave.

Idonea. Why art thou slow?
Let that which is begun be ended.

Iskander. Lo,
I fly to obey thee.

Idonea. Yet thou art not gone. [*Exit* ISKANDER.

But one step more!
Have I done well, my Mother? and, at length,
Am I obedient? I have plighted hands
With murder, while in aw'd Elysium darkens
Th' eternal light, and angels, warbling love,
Pause, and look down, and wonder in their awe.

Elmasaide. I pray thee, talk not of thine happiness,
As if 'twere grief. Such conduct wakes heaven's wrath.
Come, go with me, and change these dismal garments
For robes that will beseem a royal bride.

Idonea. Misery-stricken, in these weeds of woe,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride,
(Gaz'd on with stony and astonish'd stare
In horror,) to the hymeneal altar,
Fate's victim calm, I go.

Elmasaide. Thou Obstinate!

Idonea. Marries he my attire? Go, I will follow.

[*Exit* ELMASAIDE.

Low tearless pride of Woman! what can pierce
The iron of thy feelings?—Aijilebe!
What ails my Aijilebe?

Aijilebe. Sleepy, methinks.

Idonea. What think'st thou of me now?

Aijilebe. Even what I must
And would not.

Idonea. Yet, oh, do not blame me rashly!
Pause yet, ere thou condemn. I *am* not marble;
I do but sternly feign. Nay, do not weep;

Do not bring back the woman to my heart!
Come, but come smiling—Bridesmaid! we have work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A room in the house of* ELMASAIDE. TORSA; AIJILEBE *on a couch dying.*

Aijilebe. Let me again behold her, ere I die,
Send again, Torsa. Stay! I hear her footsteps.

Enter IDONEA.

Idonea. My Aijilebe, my laughing Aijilebe!
Changed? Striken? Chang'd so suddenly? Alas!
What ails my Aijilebe?—What hast thou done?

Aijilebe. I seek not death, yet willingly I die;
For in the grave no blushes burn the heart;
Shame comes not there; if the worm rioteth
On roses, they are cold; and sorrow there
Forgets to weep, despair forgets to groan.
But I must there forget ev'n thee, Idonea!
That is the pang which nature cannot bear!

Idonea. What hast thou done? Oh, speak! I left thee smiling.

Aijilebe. When misery is the root, smiles are the flowers
Of that sad tree, which blossoms for the grave.

Idonea. But what hath happen'd? Tell me, Aijilebe.

Aijilebe. He struck me on the bleeding heart, and broke it.

Idonea. Thou art not wounded?

Aijilebe. In my soul, Idonea.

Idonea. Think not so deeply on those cureless ills.

Oh leave me not alone upon the earth!
In solitude, compared with which the grave
Seems cheerful, as the song of mated birds!

Aijilebe. Thy husband will be with thee. Bid him think
Of me, when I am gone, and say, he lost
In me a heart, that lost ev'n life for him.

Idonea. Thou shalt not die. Hold up! We yet may be,
Though sad, not wretched, tranquil if not happy.

Aijilebe. Tranquil I soon shall be. Am I *not* tranquil?

Idonea. Thy calmness frightens me. Is there no hope?
What can I do for thee? Can I do nothing?

Aijilebe. Yes, thou canst write my epitaph, Idonea,
My heart's Idonea. Write it briefly, thus;
'Here lies the maid who told her love and died!'

[*She dies.*

Idonea. Oh, what shall now atone for all thy wrongs,
Thy woes, thy unrewarded truth and love?
Our future happy meeting, ne'er to part.
Shall we not meet again? I come and soon.—
Beautiful Death and Sorrow! Beautiful!

Oh, white rose, withering there so mournfully!
Thou should'st have flourish'd on a fruitful stem,
Blessing the sunbeams with thy breath of love,
And with thy buds of beauty ravishing
The bright, deep, dewy eyes of bliss-toned morn!

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent room in the Palace.* PHARASMAN *pacing to and fro thoughtfully.* *Enter* TORSA.

Pharasman. Thou comest from the funeral? I mean
The wedding.

Torsa. Why not say the sacrifice?
Trust me, it is one.

Pharasman. Pray how look'd the bridegroom? Cheerily?

Torsa. Look at me.

Pharasman. Why? Have his looks
Infected thine with haggardness?

Torsa. I know not,
But I have brought the heart-ache thence.—He stood
Before the priest, gaunt, corse-like, blackly pale,
More like a corpse than bridegroom.

Pharasman. I believe thee.
What think'st thou of the lady!

Torsa. She is fair.

Pharasman. Fair? so is chalk, and would contrast as well
With sables.

Torsa. Her's contrasted dismally
With the occasion; I, at least, thought so.
Is she not too forgiving?

Pharasman. She was born of woman.

Torsa. She was born of Elmasaide:
Distinguish, and condemn not all for one:

Pharasman. Are they return'd!

Torsa. They are returning now.

Pharasman. Come, let us see this sight.

Torsa. Long may we live
Before we see another such.

Pharasman. Amen!
Dost thou hear, Torsa? these things are not well,
Nor shall they be approv'd; for — Dost thou hear!
The soldiers murmur while the people frown.
But thou hast wisdom far beyond thy years:
Trust not a whisper to the air of courts;
And let not that surprise thee when it comes,
Which will come soon. Be circumspect. But, lo,
We are too late.

Torsa. The King! Retire, retire.

[*Exit* TORSA *and* PHARASMAN.

Enter ISKANDER.

Iskander. Who goes there? (*Re-enter* TORSA)

Torsa. Sire, your page.

Iskander. And not alone.

Torsa. My father, Sir, was with me.

Iskander. Ha! Thy father!
Why did he hurry hence? No matter.—Go.
[*Exit* TORSA.
I read already in men's looks a mark'd
Abatement of respect. Well be it so,
Having defied, I will defy, Opinion.
But shall the man, who, on my wedding day
Arrays my page, his son, in insolent mourning,
Command my troops? Thanks for his timely rashness!
(*He opens a Veranda.*) How awful in the moonlight rise the mountains,
Distinct, majestic, stern! rock over rock
Rioting, like a dance of giant fiends!—
What gloomy train beneath, with measur'd steps,
Moves in procession, silent as the heights
That tower before me? *(Music without).*
Hark! is that strain earthly?
As if a spirit wail'd, it melts, at once,
And awes my soul. Who waits there?

Enter TORSA.

Torsa. Call'd your Highness?
Iskander. In mourning! By whose order?
Torsa. Sire, the Queen's.
Iskander. The Queen's! *(Aside).* I cannot blame her. Time, I trust,
That all effaces, will efface her grief. (***Music without.***)
Why am I tortured by those hideous sounds
At such a time as this? What means that music?

Torsa. It is the dirge, by weeping virgins sung
So the Queen order'd) at Zoroader's tomb,
And o'er the grave of her friend Aijilebe.

Iskander. Damn'd damn'd, black, evil-croaking
Raven! Fly!

Enter TORSA.

Insulted by my household slaves! Who bribes
them?
My wife? Let me not think of that! away
From that abyss!—Is this to be a king?
This? thus to shudder even at a slave?
Ha! Treason? But the slumbering wolf is rous'd,
And on the watch. Traitors, beware!

[*Music without.*

Again?
Oh, for thy dreamless sleep, thy couch of clay!
Would I were dead! would I had never liv'd!
Oh! I repent, too late!—Aijilebe lov'd me;
Tenderly, truly! vainly, ah, how vainly!
Alas how vainly!—'Twas a hapless blow.
Queen! sceptre! ye are dearly bought indeed!
But can I raise the dead? Ah, would I could!
What, then have I to do with dark thoughts now?
The present still is ours. Hail to the light!
And, lo, it breaks upon me! (*Enter* IDONEA, *splendidly dressed.*) Oh, my Love!
Now all my pains and sufferings are repaid.
I thank thee from my soul. Thou hast put off
Thy mourning robes, and these become the bride;

But doth that sad look suit the nuptial hour?
This is a joyful hour.
Idonea. If wretchedness
Hath clung so fast to me, that I resemble,
Even to identify, my withering guest,
Excuse the looks that *will* express my heart;
They ever did so. I am slow to learn
What ill becomes the worst, dissimulation;
And cannot suddenly, nor at all, assume
The hollow smile. Yet well my liege hath said;
This is a joyful hour; as such I greet it.
Iskander. I will believe thee. Yet, methinks, thy greeting
Is mournful—
Idonea. As it should be is my greeting,
Most mournful! for extremest joy is sad:
My love is like the kiss we give the dead.
Iskander. Nay do not frown. Sorrow or anger is it
That clouds thy beauty now?
Idonea. 'Tis constancy. (*Music without.*)
What voice is that so mournful, and so sweet,
Like music for the dead? Hush!
Iskander. Heed it not.
Idonea. It came upon my soul, as from the tomb,
A voice of calm complaining and remembrance,
To melt me into tears, and yet to steel
My soul to more than firmness.
Iskander. Think not of it.
Thine eyes are heavy, and thy cheek is pale;

Thou art o'erwearied. *(The scene opening, displays a recess, and the nuptial bed.)* What is it alarms thee?

Idonea. I know thee by thy pale and marble brow
Sprinkled with blood! and by thy lifeless locks!
And by the stark wound on that manliest bosom
That e'er was love's!

Iskander. What brow? what tresses? where?
There is an awful wildness in thy looks,
Thy words are terrible. Are these my nuptials?

Idonea. Hark! hark! (*Music without very faint.*) Again he calls. Lo, I obey.
Behold the nuptials that I plight with him!

Iskander. Ah! to whom speakest thou?

Idonea. Back, back! oh, back!
Back, back! That couch is death.

Iskander. Cease, or I sink
Into the earth before thee.

Enter from behind the bed HORMISDA.

Hormisda (*stabs him*). Sink at once! (IDONEA *stands motionless with horror.*)

Iskander. Heav'n for thy mercy! Help!—Oh, woman-tigress!
Oh, cool and bloody Fiend! but true, though cruel!
Aijilebe warn'd me.

Enter TAURASSDES.

Taurassdes. Aye, ye stab your friends.
Not yet dead, Wretch?—Finish thy work.

[HORMISDA *stabs him again.*

Idonea (snatching the dagger from him) Hold! hold!

Iskander. (*to Idonea*). Thus is thy marriage consummated?

Idonea. Thus.

Iskander. Still, still, Zoroader, still she is thy bride,
Thy virgin-bride. Oh, dreadful treachery!
But why am I this wretch? A word, Idonea!
My fate hath not in store for me a pang
That can outlast my hapless love of thee.
Thou know'st not with what power that demon tempted
My struggling soul. Canst thou forgive me?

Idonea. God!
Forgive him, though he ask'd not thee!

Taurassdes. 'Tis finish'd.
The Evil Genius of the House of Acbar
Hath triumph'd riotously, and doth now
Dismiss me, weary, to my wormy couch.

Iskander. But why didst thou seduce me to the fiends?

Taurassdes. Thy father stabb'd his king, the great Taurassdes,
Seduced the queen, my unsuspecting wife,
And siezed th' Iranian crown. He sagely thought
That retribution had no home on earth;
But could not from my vengeance save himself,
Or screen his offspring; vengeance slow but sure,
Long, deep, and full. I could have slain ye all,
All at a blow; but all were not mature,

And fitted for the place to which thou goest.
Seljuk, thy father's bastard, slew thy father,
Not by his own, but by a brother's arm,
Yet not by thine: *I* set the murderer on!
Seljuk is dead, and thou hast slain Zoroader:
I set the murderer on! What yet remains?
Die thou, that I may rest! die in despair!
Die! that my troubled spirit may no more
Roam like the sleepless winds, and seeking vengeance,
Chase the bold blood from cheeks unused to fear!
Am I avenged?

Iskander. What is thy name in hell?

Taurassdes. Inquire it there. Go, now, and join thy father,
Embrace the righteous Acbar; pure as he is,
Spotless as lust and murder. Tell him, too,
That his dear son, Hormisda, sent thee hence
Before thy time; but that the sent and sender
Are both prepar'd to shew admiring Satan
How bright the stream is when the fount is pure.
Thy sire can proudly shew him, if he will,
Perfection hostile to all good; thy mother,
The worth, that with a smile can wither souls.

[ISKANDER *dies.*

(*To* IDONEA). Have I not cause to hunt your blood with serpents?

[*Exit* TAURASSDES. IDONEA, *shrieking rushes off the stage.*

FINIS.

Johnston, Printer, Lovell's Court, St. Paul's.